

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. Sheriffs escorting Convicts from the Railroad Station to the Prison. 2. Assuming the Prison Garb in the Main Hall. 3. The Bathing-cell. 4. Shaving the Convicts. 5. Drilling Convicts in Marching. 6. Assigned to a Cell.

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FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 405.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1878.

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A PERSONAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

GENEROSITY has not entirely ceased to be a quality suitable for the use of men of business. In a recent visit of Mr. Frank Leslie to Philadelphia an attempt was made, by an opponent in a lawsuit, to harass him by the service of a vexatious process against his person. Mr. Leslie immediately sought out George W. Childs, Esq., of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, to request him to give bail, but learned that Mr. Childs was in this city. A telegram was dispatched to him on the next morning, to which the following reply was soon afterwards received: "FRANK LESLIE, Philadelphia—Colonel Muckle, cashier at the *Ledger* office, will furnish bail to any amount. G. W. Childs." Before, however, this generous and characteristic response had been received, Mr. Leslie had been surprised to learn that another Philadelphia friend, Joseph F. Tobias, Esq., had signed his bail-bond as security for his appearance when required before the Court. Mr. Tobias volunteering his services without either the solicitation or knowledge of the party receiving the benefit.

THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS.

THE confusion which reigns in our current monetary discussions, whether as conducted in Congress or the public press, is in nothing more remarkable than in the dense and stubborn incapacity of "bi-metallists" and "monometallists" to understand each other with respect to the issues they have joined over the Bland Bill, and kindred measures, for the remonetization of silver. Bi-metallists, or believers in a double standard of gold and silver, are pledged, by the history and logic of their financial creed, to assume as a fact the possibility of so fixing and establishing, by legislative act, the actual proportion between the commercial value of gold and silver, as to procure simultaneous currency for the coins of each, with the understanding that these coins shall be reciprocally interchangeable, as mutual equivalents, according to the degree in which they severally represent the "money of account," which determines the denomination and weight of coins in every country. That this mint ratio of gold to silver must be determined in accordance with the relative commercial value of each has been assumed as the fixed point of its departure by every nation which has essayed to establish a double standard of gold and silver on the coinage of its mints. If in the year 1792 the Congress of the United States, on the recommendation of Alexander Hamilton, fixed the monetary ratio of gold and silver according to the proportion of 1 to 15, it was avowedly on the ground that this ratio then represented the relative commercial value of each. If in 1803 the French Government fixed the mint ratio between the two metals at 1 to 15½, it was for the same reason. If in 1834 the United States substituted the mint ratio of 1 to 16 for that of 1 to 15, it was for the same reason. When in the year 1858 a great and rapid depreciation in the value of gold was believed to be impending in England, because of the then accumulated yield of the California and Australian mines, it was recommended by Mr. Cobden that the relative commercial values of gold and silver should be periodically published by the Bank of England, under authority of law, and that an option of each should be allowed to creditors and debtors, whenever contracts extended over long periods of time. For similar reasons it was recommended by M. Chevalier, at the same juncture, in France, that the coins of the French mint should be subject to a peri-

odical readjustment every six months, according to the commercial ratio of gold and silver, in order to secure the parallel circulation and the real, as well as the monetary, equivalence of the gold and silver coinage.

It is in the practical difficulties of this periodical readjustment, and in the inexorable fact that without it the changing commercial values of gold and silver will tend to drive gold coins out of use whenever gold is at a premium, and silver coins whenever silver is at a premium, according to the mint rates of coinage, that monometallists, or believers in a single standard, have found their chief reasons for the financial faith that is in them on this score.

Alexander Hamilton offers in his person the best possible illustration of a consistent believer in the double standard, because he joined with his belief in it the full and frank admission of the bounden obligation that it should conform to the relative commercial values of gold and silver. Without such a relative equivalence between the mint rates of the two metals as would insure the parallel circulations of silver and gold coins, he expressed a preference for gold as the single standard of values, because of its greater stability—a pregnant fact which we respectfully commend to the candid consideration of the men who are now clamoring for the "Hamiltonian dollar," and "the dollar of the fathers," in the very teeth of the principle recognized by Hamilton and the "fathers." M. Gaudin, who in 1803, as Minister of Finance, digested the monetary system which was then established in France, offers himself as another example of an honest bi-metallist, for, in his report, prefacing the law of that date, he was careful to explain that the ratio of 1 to 15½ was then fixed as the monetary relation between gold and silver because it represented their relative commercial values. In his idea, a double standard of gold and silver was not an alternating single standard, now of gold, and now of silver, according as the one or the other metal fell below the monetary rate assigned to it by law.

It is the liability of the double standard to be converted into an alternating single standard, and thereby to be abused, in the hands of deceivers and their dupes, for the purpose of evading the full measure of the obligations imposed by its theoretical principle, which has brought it into sore reproach among scientific economists and prudent statesmen at the present day. The practice under it has not always been consistent with the doctrine of real commercial equivalents which lies at its basis; and if we are to choose between a double standard, which lends itself to all manner of double-dealing, or a single standard, which works unequally only under the pressure of natural causes, we can have no hesitation in expressing, with Hamilton, a preference for the latter.

We agree with Jevons that the establishment of the double standard, where the monetary relation between gold and silver is fixed according to an approximately just and accurate conformity with their respective commercial values, has a tendency to repress the maximum fluctuation of prices which is liable to arise, in long epochs, under the prevalence of a single standard, whether of gold or silver. But this very fact only serves to set its iniquitous working in the strongest possible light if the monetary ratio which was fixed, on commercial grounds, at one epoch, is still retained at a subsequent epoch, when the relative commercial value of the two metals has greatly changed. For in long epochs the mutations of a single standard, due to natural causes, may be equally distributed between debtors and creditors, but the alternatives of the double standard frame mischief by a law, because they result from the caprice of arbitrary legislation, and because they enure invariably to the primary detriment of a single class in the community—that of creditors. Or, rather, we should say, that this is the design of such invidious legislation. Its actual effect redounds in the end to the greater damage of the debtor class, for, though the curse may light at first on the head of the creditor, it comes home to roost on the head of the debtor with a redoubled wrath because of the suspicion and resentment with which it embroils the relations of both.

The application of these principles to the Bland Bill for the remonetization of silver, or any kindred measure, must be sufficiently obvious to all intelligent readers. Such measures, under whatever pretext they may be framed, or under whatever color of law they may be disguised, are based on a delusion, and can operate, so far as they have any effect at all, only as a snare, however specious and tempting may be the baits with which they are set before the eyes of plain and honest people.

For instance, the pretense of paying the public debt in silver is a masked battery behind which the silver skirmishers have planted their heaviest artillery, but its quaker guns cannot impose on anybody who has reconnoitred the ground on which

the real battle of the currency is now being fought. Suppose it be true, as Mr. Stanley Matthews affirms, that the public debt is legally payable in silver coins at the rate of 412½ grains per dollar, does anybody propose during the next generation to pay the public debt, or any considerable part of it? If this be the real object of the silver agitators, then they must contemplate the heaviest sort of taxation for this purpose, in addition to the annual expenditures of the Government. If they do not mean to do what they say, but are using the pretense of paying the public debt as a stalking-horse behind which to conceal their ulterior purposes, it only remains to say that they are practicing a conscious imposture on the public mind.

And this argument is as broad as it is long. For if the advocates of the Bland Bill are fighting a mock battle for silver behind the public debt, the opponents of that measure are equally fighting a mock battle for gold behind the public debt. The holders of the public securities are not going to sell them for silver in the market, any more than the Government is going to redeem them in silver. The "bloated bondholders" will hold on to their bonds, and bide their time till this "silver craze," as some men call it, shall have spent its force. If any one doubts this fact, he has but to look at the price of gold in a market which has, in a measure, already discounted the moral effect of Bills like those of Bland, and of resolutions like those of Stanley Matthews. The real objections to the remonetization of silver, on a fictitious valuation, must be sought elsewhere, and we will endeavor to point them out in our next discussion of this topic.

THE last two sessions of the House have been devoted to the consideration, in Committee of the Whole, of what is known as the Steamboat Bill—a measure codifying and revising the general laws of the United States regulating steam navigation, and it has been before Congress for several years. The Bill, in pretty much its present shape, has been passed by the House two or three times, and defeated in the Senate, generally through the persistent efforts of Mr. Conkling, who has steadily opposed it. A Bill was passed by the House, on January 23d, containing most of the amendments that have been made in the Senate in previous sessions.

THE HEREAFTER, AT PRESENT.

THE agitation of the truth of the dogma of future punishment has recently assumed a significance in its relation to the Christian Church which has drawn, and must continue to draw, attention to it from all those who are interested in studying the development and changes of human thought and philosophy. Up to the time of the Christian era there was no established religion which, in its creed, formulated even the idea of immortality. We may look in vain for the doctrine of a future life into the Old Testament Scriptures, which are bound up together by us with the teachings of Christ and his pupils. This life, with its duties, with its penalties and rewards, its kingdoms of glory and its annihilations and defeats, appears to be, from aught that is to be learned in the Old Testament, the be-all and end-all so far as mankind are concerned. In the times of Cicero it was an open question of philosophical discussion whether the soul was immortal—Cicero rather thought it was. But the pagan nations of Rome and Greece had little that could be called religion, and while this included an idea of Hades, the idea was most vague and vanishing. Immortality of the soul, whether in pain or pleasure, was not a part of their creed. Buddhism held firmly the doctrine of annihilation, or, rather, continued eternal existence without the sense of pain or pleasure. This was Nirvana. Mohammedanism followed Christianity in denouncing future retribution against evil-doers and in giving future delights to the faithful. The character of the future rewards and future punishment differed somewhat in the two systems. To have scalding water poured down the back, to be stifled with smoke, and drink hot water, was the disagreeable fate of the unfaithful Moslem.

But whether Mohammed, in imitating the Christian scheme, correctly appreciated the doctrine of retribution, must now be considered in dispute. For the prominent contention of Canon Farrar and of Henry Ward Beecher, and of their adherents in the new view, is that, in translating the New Testament into English from the Greek, the scholars of King James's time failed to convey the Greek thought, but unconsciously saw a different meaning than was intended—a meaning more consonant with the English theology when the translation was made. There can be no doubt of an anxious desire existing on the part of many to understand the Christian Scriptures as portraying a future for those who reject these warnings, less hopeless and sorrowful

than is consistent with the thought of eternal punishment. The horror produced by the doctrine is proven by the avoidance of either its direct mention, or of unnecessary allusions to it. And there can be no question that the astute and comprehensive mind of Mr. Beecher sees in the establishment of the new translation of the Bible the founding of a belief almost as distinctive and conspicuous in its relation to the preceding as was Christianity itself in relation to Judaism. It is not sectional nor ecclesiastical. The issues will be on thoughts and beliefs, not forms. And these issues will have the advantage of enlisting the profoundest sensibilities of the human mind.

Whether the new school will succeed in finding a sufficiently wide foothold of probability of mistake in translation, we do not undertake to say. We suggest, however, as one of the principal stumbling-blocks, the language of Matthew: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." The criticism on the present translation is that words like "everlasting" are mistranslated or misconstrued—that periods of long duration are termed everlasting—as we speak of the "everlasting hills," without any other conception than that of long duration. The stumbling-block is this: We understand that in the sentence quoted from Matthew the word translated "everlasting" is in Greek precisely the word which is translated "eternal"; and how, in so short a sentence, can a modified sense be given to the word, as applied to the eternal retribution, and not to the eternal reward. It may be that, as in human law the highest punishment—capital punishment—with its infliction exterminates all possibility of future pain, so in divine eternal punishment, with the extinction of the soul, pain and suffering cease. And thus the new school will be content with the idea of annihilation. But the tendency looks more like restoration. The doctrine of purgatory shows an early tendency to that belief; and the broad, generous doctrines of Divine paternity and love contained in the Christian Gospels, joined with illimitable power, will probably prove the platform of the new crusaders, and furnish arguments less technical and constrained than can be found in exegesis to mold religious belief. On the other hand, those who see no revelation from God to man but in the Christian Scriptures, and who can gather but the old doctrines from their own reading, will resist the new translation as the incoming of a flood. They, too, will find comrades in every communion. Dr. Chapin announces, we perceive, that he has no doubt of future retribution, but does not believe it will be eternal. It is not unlikely that we shall, ere long, see the world become as deeply concerned in this question as it was in religious doctrines during the Eastern Empire.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

THE war is not ended. Its theatre has shifted from the field of arms to that of diplomacy. The fiery Blucher charged the statesmen of the Allies with signing away with their pens all he and his soldiers won with their swords. It is possible that Russia will meet willier and more resourceful and better trained antagonists in the diplomatic encounter than has already begun than she overcame on the battlefields of Roumania and Armenia. She holds Adrianople, and her forces can close upon and capture Erzeroum without difficulty. The scattered and broken fragments of the defeated and broken Turkish armies are gathering at Gallipoli and around Constantinople, which is full of starving fugitives; of sick and wounded people, destitute of the bare necessities of life; of fanatic mobs threatening violence. It is not impossible that Russia will be obliged to take the city to protect it from the Turks. The Greeks, who debated when they should have fought, are now ready for hostilities, and breathe out threatenings. It almost seems as though the armistice was premature and impolitic on the part of Russia; that she should have taken Constantinople and Erzeroum first, and, holding the capitals of European and Asiatic Turkey in her hands, she could have dictated the terms of a treaty that even the Turks would respect and Europe accept.

The difficulty of Russia appears in the fact that it is expected to agree to terms of settlement which shall be acceptable to Turkey, to the provinces and peoples for whom the war was waged, and to all the rest of Europe. But Serbia has pride, and insists that she has rights, and though she fought little, she expects much. Herzegovina protests against being slighted, and Bosnia objects to being tacked on to this or the other nations at the will of this treaty-making. But the chief trouble comes from Austria and England. Francis Joseph is a friend of Alexander, and the two could remake the map of Turkey to their entire satisfaction in thirty minutes. But Austria is a composite nationality, and the Hunga-

rian elements of it have an intense antipathy against the Servians, and cannot bear to think that their Bulgarian kindred will reap a substantial benefit or be released from their bonds; they hate Russia for not helping them in 1848, and for her disposition to assist their rivals. The Emperor of Austria finds himself constantly opposed by this powerful current of Hungarian jealousy and hatred, and it is not an easy matter to hold in check and keep contented these hostile and clamoring elements of population; and naturally enough Austria looks with no little misgiving on the vast and rapid expansion of Russia in the East, and shrinks from seeing her once fairly established south of the Balkans, or even on the right bank of the Danube. But Austria would doubtless accede to Russia's terms were it not for the constant efforts of England to excite her hostility to Russia, and draw her into alliance to resist Russia's demands. The central point of interest in this diplomatic deed is England, and the part she may act. The Ministry has called on Parliament for £6,000,000 for military contingencies and as an act of confidence, and on that question Parliament is to divide, after a prolonged debate. The Government appears to have a majority, and the opposition is decided. The anti-war party in the nation is powerful. People remember that the Crimean War cost England \$500,000,000 and sixty thousand lives, without yielding a single solid advantage, and merely postponing the settlement of the Eastern Question twenty-five years. Should Parliament dissolve, it is a question whether the nation would sustain the Government in a policy of war, and with a victorious empire which has a veteran army of 350,000 men in the field; while England has scarcely 50,000 soldiers at her immediate command, and has an African insurrection on her hands. And as Germany stands fast by Russia now, as at the beginning of the war, and France is not to be enticed into the quarrel, there is a steadily lessening probability that England will carry her opposition beyond the point of a protest made with the usual amount of British bluster. So long as Russia leaves the Dardanelles free to all nations, or refers their disposition to the Great Powers, England has nothing to fight about, and only makes herself ridiculous by her demonstrations.

POPULAR FINANCIAL UNCERTAINTY.

THE whole science of practical economy starts from the selfish passion for gain: acquisition of the necessities of life principally, then of capital; and the whole popular interest taken in the questions of finance, now in discussion, exists because it is felt that, beyond and uncontrolled by the willingness of men to labor, there are at work economic forces which keep the bread from the children's mouths and which take its reward from the sweat of the laborer's brow. Trade is stagnant—capital locked up—money is hard to get, and prices are running to a starvation point. This is the contraction which, at a greater or less interval, always follows inflation in those attacks where inflation results in recovery and not in repudiation, and, in fact, contraction follows repudiation also, not gradually, however, but precipitously. Into it men plunge as into a gulf without hope, and suffer everything that is possible in the way of privation.

In those cases where inflation proceeds to repudiation, there is no apparent contraction till after repudiation. There are cases where inflation is checked by the intention and expectation of resumption and of paying debts, national and personal, dollar for dollar. This is one of those cases: The expectation, the moment a sober sense perceives the magnitude of the obligations and the unsatisfactory balancing of the inflation account, produces contraction, which grows more exigent until the certainty of payment is assured and the trade of the country is reinaugurated upon a specie basis.

There are many who believe that activity in trade and high prices are the certain result of an increase in the currency; and whatever that currency may be, it is a natural conclusion that the more money the higher prices will be, because money will be cheaper in proportion to the supply. Therefore, it is believed perfectly easy at any time to produce at once an abundance of money and activity of trade by stopping contraction through Government issues of money or depreciation of the currency. But it is a well-ascertained fact, conceded by John Stuart Mill, that in periods of inflation the increase of traffic precedes the increase of the currency. The two are closely related, but it is trade which brings into demand and secures the currency, and it is the cessation of trade which drives money into retreat.

It will be urged against this, that a great war always produces inflation, because the Government adds so much to the currency at such times. But the fact is that prices

rise because of increased purchase and demand, and the money furnished by the Government is furnished by a purchaser. On the contrary, an increase of the volume of the currency by depreciating it at a time when trade is stagnant, or the attempt at adding to the volume by issues not called for by purchases required to be made, must entirely fail to raise prices or stimulate trade. It is the trade that must create the currency, not the reverse. And the causes of the increase and growth of trade and capital are moral causes. When we wish to ascertain by what instrumentalities and suggestions we can affect trade and capital, we must consider by what character of instrumentalities and suggestions we can reach the selfish hopes and fears of men in trade or possessing capital. The hope to be persuaded, is the hope made certainty of making a profit. The fear to be removed, is the fear of loss either by capital or of profit. There is, on account of this effect of moral causes, nothing so sensitive as capital. To the laboring man, the possession of vast stores of wealth implies absolute independence and carelessness of results, and of other men's doings. Money is king; but its title must be unquestionable or its power is gone. One of the highest forms of invested capital is real estate, and to the first thought there is nothing one may fear who is possessed of large real estate. Yet there is nothing more sensitive than real estate if attacked from the direction of its title. Its extent, stability, improvements, attractions, are nothing, when seeking a market, if ever so light a suspicion is cast upon its title.

What an element in disturbing the calculations of capitalists it must be, that it is still a question agitating two great political forces and the whole people of the country, whether bonds are to be paid in gold or in depreciated silver; whether we are to resume specie payments or to change to repudiation of an unconvertible currency, and whether we are to have our standard coin of gold or of silver, or of both.

In view of such questions and agitations it is remarkable that any trade exists and that capital is not all turned into gold and hoarded or exported. The first step in the way to stop contraction and to create trade is, then, to remove these fearful questions of uncertainty. This is the first duty of the hour. It is of quite secondary importance what the decision shall be on any one of them. The payment in silver, under the Matthews resolution, of bonds made payable in coin, may, in the opinion of many, be dishonorable to the nation; to others it will appear as an inevitable legal conclusion in construing a contract between debtor and creditor in the sense understood at the time by the parties. The remonetization of silver on some valuation corresponding to its bullion value may, in the opinion of some, expose us to be overwhelmed by the rejected and clipped coins of other nations, and to lose our own gold. Others may see no such danger, and think a great silver-producing nation is not called to give up a coin so convenient for the smaller payments of commerce.

But either decision on either question will not probably be followed by the evil consequences its enemies foresee; and a failure to decide quickly, and to adopt a definite financial policy, will bring evils greater than can possibly follow the adoption and acquiescence in either policy. The remaining question, that of resumption, must not only be decided, but decided right. Not to resume now would be suicidal. It is only to take the last step in climbing a precipitous height, and to be at peace. If from fatigue and faltering we recede, we will not cease from labor. It will then be for another painful period, only "for ever climbing up the climbing wave."

THE LORD CASE.

MR. LORD, the aged bridegroom, whose marriage and subsequent disappearance have, during the last few weeks, occupied so large a share of public attention, has come buoyantly and gallantly to the surface in no wise the worse for his rather protracted submergence. He declares that he is not in the least insane or demented; that the motive of his marriage was the sensible and sagacious one of endeavoring to increase the happiness and comfort of his declining years; and that he is as far as possible from repenting that important and romantic step. He is manifestly of the same opinion as the venerable General Dix, who declared that the aged bridegroom ought to consider himself an exceptionally lucky man in finding a lady, brilliant, handsome, accomplished, irreplicable, and still sufficiently young, who was willing to marry him. This sentiment, so cordially shared by the two octogenarians, will, very likely, be participated in by society at large. It cannot reasonably be assumed that a man loses his natural rights to seek the comfort and tranquillity of a home or of domestic companionship merely by growing old. If this were indeed so, long life,

instead of being regarded as a blessing, might well be esteemed an evil and calamitous destiny. Mr. Lord confirms his own sprightly and vivacious testimony to the soundness of his faculties and the integrity of his understanding by invoking that of two of the best known and most highly esteemed physicians in the country, Drs. Austin Flint and Fordyce Barker. Both certify that, considering his advanced years, his mind displays exceptional clearness and vigor. It cannot be denied that he exhibited unusual intelligence and a high and unimpeachable taste in his selection of a wife; and judging from some of the letters addressed to that lady by certain impetuous and inconsiderate members of his family, he exhibited no less sagacity in providing for himself other companionship and other protection than their own. With the subsidence of the first tumult of surprise and curiosity occasioned by his marriage, it will doubtless occur to large numbers of persons that as a millionaire he had quite as good a right to take a wife as if he had been merely a lean annuitant or an ancient and moss-grown stipendiary, in either of which latter cases nobody would have thought it worth while to interfere.

SEVERAL propositions are before Congress for remodeling the army. The wild discrepancies that exist between them indicate that the would-be reformers are not particularly well acquainted with their subject.

THE Congressional Committee on Ways and Means last week reported Mr. Fernando Wood's new Tariff Bill. One of the chief merits claimed for it is its simplicity, through which the cost of collection is to be materially reduced. The rates of duty are to be lowered in general about twenty per cent., and yet the amount to be collected thereby is estimated as equal to the average of the past six years.

NUMEROUS accounts of damage by the gale of January 31st, and interference with travel by the snow, come from the whole region this side of the Alleghanies. None of the reported disasters compare, however, in terrible loss of life, with the wreck of the *Metropolis*, though the calamity at Coney Island, by which seven persons in their houses were swept away by the raging sea, was equally appalling on a smaller scale. Both of these disasters occurred within almost a stone-throw of a life-saving station—neither of which was occupied.

OUR foreign diplomatic expenses are gradually being reduced. On January 30th the Consular and Diplomatic Bill was reported to the House by the Committee on Appropriations. It re-establishes one foreign mission which the last Congress abolished—that to the United States of Colombia. It reduces the salaries of a number of foreign missions, increases the sum appropriated for consulates, reduces that for contingent expenses at various legations, and by various reductions brings the total sum appropriated to about \$1,000,000. This is a reduction of about \$200,000 from the estimates of the department, about \$80,000 larger than the Bill reported two years ago, and \$100,000 less than the Bill last year. Such reductions as are made are widely distributed through the appropriations proposed.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A TURKISH VOTE.—The Turkish Chamber has passed a vote condemning the whole management of the war by 54 votes to 30. The most severe comments were passed upon Mahmoud Damad and Edhem Pasha (the Grand Vizier), and the resignation of both was demanded. Neither, however, has resigned, the Palace only regarding votes of the Chamber when they furnish it with an excuse to present to foreign Powers. The frank tone of the speeches seems to have surprised people in England, but an Asiatic called to Council is usually extremely frank about anybody but the Sovereign, and it is most unusual to interfere with his freedom of speech. If freedom were not wanted he would not be called. The fact of such freedom does not make the Chamber representative or powerful either, unless it has either the army or the populace behind it, which does not appear at present to be the case.

EGYPT AND THE WAR.—The London *Times* correspondent at Alexandria says Egypt has been throughout very much divided in sympathy about the war. The common people know nothing about it, and the middle classes are hostile to Constantinople, but the higher officials and the Khédive himself are thoroughly Turkish, and ready to go all lengths for Ottoman ascendancy. Troops to the number of thirty thousand have already been dispatched from Egypt, very few of whom will ever return. A considerable portion of them—indeed, the whole of the last draft—are coal-black negroes from the Soudan, very fine men, who fight well, but die in the cold with singular rapidity. Prince Hassan, in command of the army, complains bitterly, it is said, of Turkish neglect; but the Turks say his troops, however brave, do not fight heartily. The difficulty is to imagine where the Khédive ob-

tains his resources, as his army, even if fed by Turkey, must be paid by himself. It is quite impossible for such remittances of men to go on without the bondholders discovering the fact, and their fears may account for some of the energy displayed in England, and especially in Paris, on the Turkish side.

WHAT IS A BILLION?—A discussion has been going on in the papers as to what a billion means, and Mr. Henry Bessemer writes a letter to the London *Times*, suggesting ways in which people may realize how immense the number is. He tells them that a billion of sovereigns laid flat, rim to rim, like links in a chain, would pass 763 times round the earth, and that a billion sheets of the *Times* pressed on each other would form a solid column of paper 47,348 miles high. Does he really believe that an illustration of that kind is more comprehensible than the word billion? The truth is, that neither can be realized in the least by persons unaccustomed to such high figures, and either would be realized easily enough by persons accustomed to require them. Frenchmen who use small moneys, and therefore need high figures, realize "milliard"—a thousand millions—easily enough; while to an average Englishman, such a figure presents no definite idea at all. It is a pity we have not a single word like the Indian *crore* (ten millions) to serve as a unit for high calculations, and if the masses had occasion to make them, they would invent one. Astronomers even now use the earth's diameter as a unit, and measure vast distances as so many "dians."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Second National Bank of Kansas City, Mo., suspended, January 30th.

A RESOLUTION denouncing the Bland Silver Bill has passed the New York Senate by a vote of 23 to 3.

A SECOND installment of the Mexican indemnity, amounting to \$300,000, has been received by the Secretary of the Treasury.

PRESIDENT HAYES appointed a Commission, with Professor Eliot as chairman, to make the annual examination of coins and coinage.

A SPECIAL committee has been appointed by the New York Chamber of Commerce to consider measures for procuring fair freight rates.

BENJAMIN S. W. CLARK, Governor Robinson's third nominee for Superintendent of Public Works, has been confirmed by a unanimous vote by the State Senate.

THE Hon. Alexander S. Johnson, United States Circuit Judge for the Second Judicial District, died at Nassau, Bahama Islands, January 26th, aged sixty years.

THOMAS LORD, the octogenarian bridegroom obtained an order from Judge Donahue, January 31st, to show cause why the lunacy proceedings against him, carried on by his sons, be not set aside.

THE steamship *Metropolis*, bound from Philadelphia for Brazil, with a large cargo of iron and a party of engineers, artisans and laborers, was wrecked near Kitty Hawk, N. C., January 31st, and about one hundred persons lost.

AN application was made in New York for the arrest of Receiver Jewett of the Erie Railroad Company upon charges of perjury, in swearing to a report of the company's condition, and upon the warrant being served Mr. Jewett gave bail.

THE presidents of the trunk lines of railroads have held several conferences, effected an agreement with the Grand Trunk Company, adopted a plan for putting a stop to the cutting of rates in the West, and decided to restore the old rates from Boston to the West.

In executive session the United States Senate has ratified the Samoan treaty of friendship, amity and peace. The possession of the harbor of Pago-Pago, by the United States, granted in the treaty will, it is supposed, extend a sort of protectorate over the whole island.

In the United States SENATE the greater part of the week was occupied with the discussion of the Silver Bill. Mr. Christiancy offered a substitute to the effect that the new silver dollar shall be equal in value to gold. A joint resolution of thanks to Henry M. Stanley, and a Bill appropriating \$200,000 for the erection of two forts for the protection of the Rio Grande border, were passed. In the House the Matthews resolution was passed by a vote of 189 to 79, as was also a resolution to exclude visitors and lobbyists from the floor. Mr. Foster's substitute for the resolution referring to whisky in bond was adopted. On Friday the House debated the conduct of the Doorkeeper.

Foreign.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the eminent artist and caricaturist, died in London, February 1st, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

THE Turkish garrison at Widdin has been ordered from Constantinople to surrender their arms, after which they will be quartered in the neighboring villages.

THE Greek Premier has made a warlike address in the Chamber of Deputies, and, at the instance of his Government, twelve thousand Greek troops are at once to invade Thessaly, Epirus and Macedonia.

RUSSIA has accepted Austria's proposal of a conference for settling the European questions resulting from the war. The place at which the conference will meet is not yet determined upon. It will probably be in one of the smaller States.

THE cable brought, on February 4th, tidings of two dreadful accidents—one in China, where two thousand persons are said to have perished by fire, and the other at Calais, in France, in which several persons were trampled to death in endeavoring to escape from a circus, where a false alarm of fire arose.

THE preliminaries of peace and an armistice were signed on the part of Russia and Turkey, at Adrianople, on Thursday, January 31st. The conditions of peace amount to the dismemberment of Turkey. The armistice went into effect at once. There have been great rejoicings at St. Petersburg in consequence of the conclusion of peace. The following are the conditions of the protocol: First—The erection of Bulgaria into a principality. Second—A war indemnity of territory in compensation. Third—The independence of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each. Fourth—Reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Fifth—An ulterior understanding between the Sultan and the Czar regarding the Dardanelles. Sixth—The evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Erzeroum.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 407.



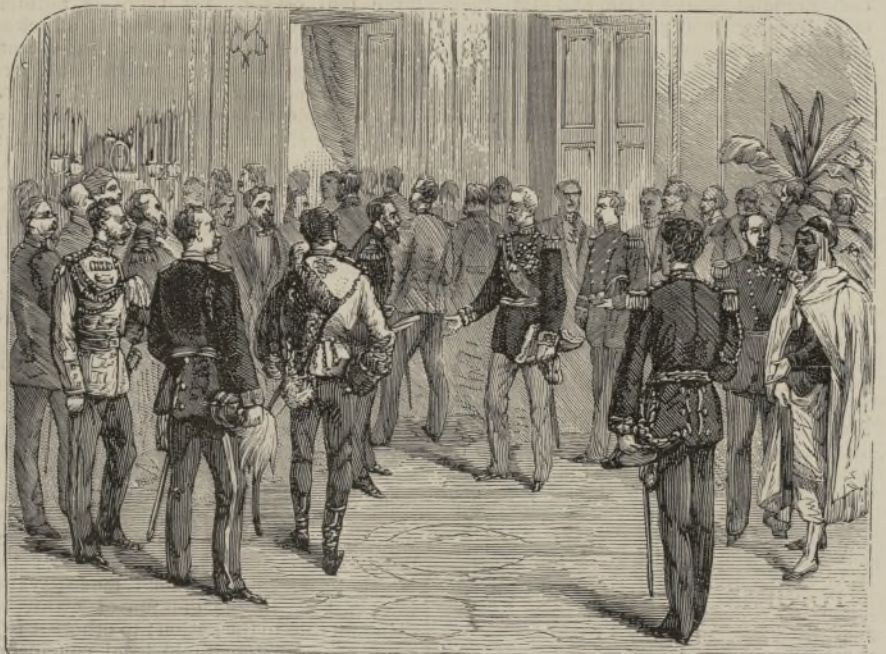
AFRICA.—THE CAFFRE WAR.—THE ENGLISH TROOPS RETURNING AFTER DESTROYING A CAFFRE VILLAGE.



AFRICA.—THE CAFFRE WAR.—ENGLISH TROOPS ENCAMING ON THE RIVER KEEL.



ENGLAND.—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE REVIEWING THE STEAM SAPPERS AT CHATHAM.



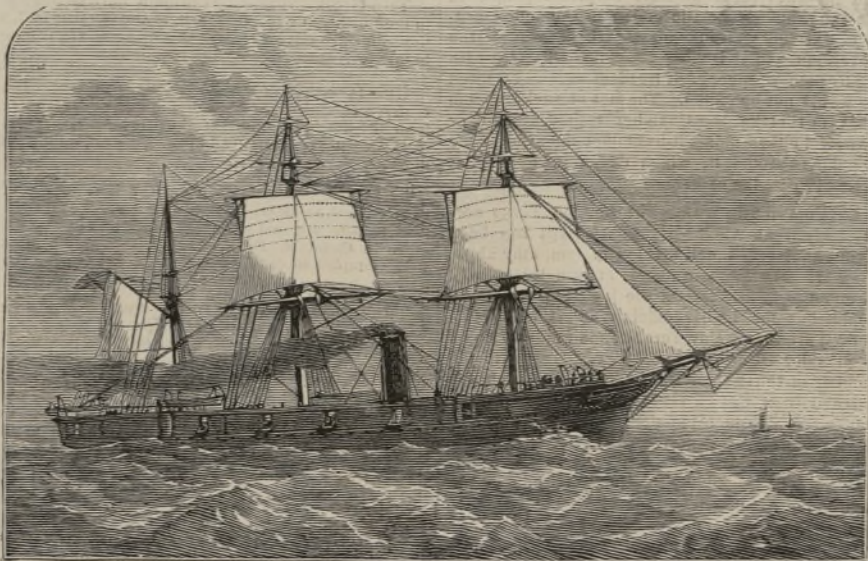
FRANCE.—MARSHAL MACMAHON HOLDING A RECEPTION AT THE ÉLYSÉE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.



BULGARIA.—RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CARTING OFF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED AT PLEVNA.



BULGARIA.—THE RUSSIANS ESCORTING TURKISH PRISONERS FROM PLEVNA.



JAPAN.—THE NEW SCREW CORVETTE "KAU-GO."



TURKEY.—THE MILITARY HOSPITAL OF HAIDAR PASHA, AT SCUTARI.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

EPIISODES OF WESTERN RAILROAD LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

AN emigrant-train is by no means a rare sight, even in these days of steam and Pullman hotel coaches. We have passed several of them at intervals along our route, and grown familiar with their almost unvarying features; yet it is always a source of curiosity and interest to watch the slow-moving caravan crossing the great illimitable waste.

There is the great wagon packed with bedding, household stuff, ancient trunks, ironmongery and crockery, with a calico gown and a sunbonnet or two perched in front, and a strong guard of stalwart male emigrants on foot and in the saddle, but each carrying his gun and pack—a sturdy, resolute, and possibly dangerous customer; and there they go, toiling beside us for just one second, and then left far behind—the teamster cracking his long goad, the children waving a salute to us with ragged straw hats and little flapping aprons, and the women turning to look half-wistfully after our flying train—tired enough, poor things, of their overland journey!

In our tour of inspection through the train, and among the peculiar features of way-cars in general, and ours in particular, neither we nor our artists have forgotten the presence of an impromptu editor's sanctum. We have exchanged civilities, within the past few days, with a party of Nebraska editors, out on a holiday like ourselves—a cheerful company of brethren and sisters, who, strangely enough, have chosen to mingle business with pleasure, so far as to bear with them a printing-press and types, and to consume the fleeting hours of their overland trip in editing a paper by the way. This small sheet is circulated through the train each day; and, if not actually scintillating with wit, is about as cheerful as one could hope for under the circumstances. At all events we have been courteously invited to inspect its "setting-up," and so in we go, on this particular evening, and our artist, posing against the corner of a seat, takes a hasty sketch of the scene. The crowded way-car, with its dim lights, its weary-looking company of travelers packed for the night in their hard, uncomfortable seats; the inevitable crying child or two; the black, dingy presses, and the white-shirt-sleeved men hard at work thereat—all shaken up together by the jolting and swaying of the car, a rude contrast to our smoothly gliding Pullman—these make up a curious "side-scene" enough in our panorama, and one which even a "special artist" must fail to render in its full oddity.

At almost every station our conductor, whose duties include those of a commissariat, goes forth on a foraging expedition, and lays in stores of whatever delicacies the place affords—trout from some mountain-fed stream, antelope steak, and game of all sorts, or such mere vulgar necessities as eggs and milk. Then there is the packing of ice in the long boxes under the car, and the frequent process of supplying our kitchen-tank with fresh water, introduced by means of a long hose through a pipe in the roof. In this manner all the ice-coolers and wash-room tanks are filled throughout the train, and the supply of water is plentiful at least, although in quality none of the best.

SING SING PRISON.

THE LIFE OF STATE PRISON CONVICTS—HOW THEY ARE TREATED AND CARED FOR.

THE picturesque village of Sing Sing is situated in the township of Ossining, Westchester County, N. Y., and distant by rail from the Empire City about thirty-two miles. It is charmingly delved into the steep slope of the high ground on the eastern bank of the lordly Hudson, here at its widest, with Tappan Bay at its feet, Croton Point on its right, and the Palisades faintly showing in the dim distance on the left. The village—bright in bustling stores, brave in coquettish villas, resplendent in palatial mansions, solemn in steeped churches, solid in a national bank, frugal in a savings bank, military in its preparatory academies, populous in its 6,500 inhabitants, and fragrant in venerable shade trees—presents a vivid contrast to the grim, ungainly, pitiless-looking building that stretches along the edge of the ever-flowing river, casting its gruesome shadow upon the flashing waters, and telling the passer-by in brazen characters that here the doer of evil payeth the dues of his trespass.

The State Prison of Sing Sing for the incarceration of male prisoners was erected by convicts drafted from Auburn in the year 1825. It is operated upon what is termed the congregate system, the plan of idle seclusion in



A NEBRASKA EDITORIAL PARTY PUBLISHING A PAPER ON BOARD THE TRAIN.



TAKING IN WATER FOR THE KITCHEN.



TWO WAYS OF GOING WEST.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—EPISODES OF WESTERN RAILROAD LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

cells, adopted at Auburn in 1816 and abandoned in 1824, being thrown over as worthless and demoralizing. Under the congregate system the prisoners labor in association during the day, take their meals together or in their cells, and attend religious exercises in a body. Strict silence is enjoined upon the convicts. Communication may be had with the officers of the prison and with visitors when permission is granted. The night is passed by the prisoners in solitary confinement in a small cell. It is asserted that this system is more economical than the separate, both because the original cost of construction is much less in consequence of the cells being smaller, and because associated labor is attended with greater profit. This system prevails extensively in Europe and exclusively in this country, save at Philadelphia.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Sing Sing Prison is approached from the village by a zigzag descending roadway, which leads to the chief entrance. Along the road and in every available cove of vantage stand rustic-looking structures formerly used as guard-houses when the prison was not, as now, surrounded by a wall.

A bird's-eye view of this great human cage from the crest of the hill is singularly striking. It resembles a leviathan manufacturing establishment in full operation, as tall, red brick chimneys emit volumes of black smoke; steam-pipes send forth their white, diaphanous clouds; the giant roar of whirling machinery greets the ear; horses and wagons move hither and thither; masts of ships tower above the quay walls; freight-trains slowly thunder past; and were it not for the immense oblong marble edifice, with its 600 tiny grated windows, that confronts the visitor like an insurmountable loop-holed wall, he might fairly imagine himself on the threshold of one of those vast creative emporiums of which our country is so eminently and so justifiably proud.

The prison is protected upon three sides by a brick wall twenty-two feet in height, and on the fourth by the Hudson River. Upon the northern end the wall is guarded by four conical watchtowers, on the southern by three, in which are posted by day and by night vigilant and argus-eyed watchmen, armed to the teeth. On the river-boats are ever prepared to scoot forth should a convict attempt to regain his liberty by a despairing dash, while the great bell of the prison hangs in readiness to boom out the startling intelligence that one of the inmates has broken his bonds. So perfect and precautionary are the measures taken to prevent the possibility of escape, that the attempt is regarded even by the most daring convict as utterly hopeless, and as a consequence the effort is seldom made. The construction of the wall completed last year gave the coup de grâce to any and all ideas upon the subject of escape. Before the establishment of this wall, forty-two guards were employed. This number has now been reduced to twenty-four, at a saving of \$12,000 per annum.

A large marble building, with a handsome portico, approached by a set of high steps and situated upon the brow of the hill, commands the prison. This was formerly the female penitentiary; at present it is unoccupied, but the idea is to convert it into home-quarters for the keepers. Beneath it stands the guardhouse, a two-story edifice, with grated windows and iron door. This is the armory of the prison, wherein Winchester, Remington and Springfield are kept loaded, ever in preparedness, to prevent escape, or to suppress outbreak.

Through the kind offices of Mr. Pilsbury, our artist and the writer were permitted, upon a recent occasion, to become temporary inmates of Sing Sing. The morning was bright, crispy, cheery, and the river gayly flashed in the joyous sunlight as we sped down the hill that leads to the prison-gate.

ENTERING THE PRISON.

The ghastly contrast between the freedom of God's day-shine and the gloom of the Slough of Despond into which we were about to plunge, smote us fiercely, and we felt the force of Dante's lines,

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate"—"Leave ye hope behind who enter here," as we stood expectant in the vestibule. Our letter of introduction having been duly presented to Mr. Clark, the Warden, that gentleman at once placed the gigantic establishment at our disposal, and having personally accompanied us to the office of the Deputy Warden, Mr. Biglin, left us to the care of that most courteous and intelligent official. The entrance-hall is square, with doors giving right and left. A narrow, carpeted stairway leads to the private apartments of the Warden, while a broad, zinc-covered set of steps form the descent into a stone-paved passage, at the end of which stands a massive, grim-looking iron railing, behind which a keeper watchfully stands. Upon the left of the entrance-hall is an outer office, a sort of anteroom to the Warden's—a bright, cheery apartment, with a desk such as is seen in a bank, over which appears a dial, showing daily the number of prisoners in the establishment, registering upon the particular date of our visit 1,598. A

glass-case runs the entire length of the wall, and a safe stands beside the desk, wherein the prisoner's effects, if any, are stored until his release, and such moneys as may be required for the uses of the prison. A table stands in a corner of the room, at which the outgoing convict signs a voucher, making affidavit that he has received \$5.32, the amount allowed to each released prisoner for traveling expenses; and here he also receives such property as may have been taken from him on entrance. At the desk a set of queries are put to him upon exit, such as to age, health, how employed when in prison, if in same health as when he came in, married, single, whether his destination, and other kindred questions. In this office are also kept the books of the prison. The Warden's office is sun-lighted to a dazzle, and poetized by the influence of ferns and flowers. Upon the other side of the entrance-hall is the visitors' room—a capacious apartment fitted up with seats, partitioned as upon the Hoboken ferryboats. Here the convicts are interviewed by their friends, the prison rule admitting a well-conducted prisoner this privilege once in two months. In one corner clicks the remorseless telegraph, that deadly foe to escape; and at an adjoining table sits Mr. Jackson, the lynx-eyed detective of the establishment, whose hairbreadth escapes, marvelous acuteness, and intrepid daring, could fill a whole library with sensation novels. There is not a "scratcher," "wire," "leather," "cracksmen," "house sneak," "climber," or member of the confraternity of thieves, who is not known to him—whose likeness is not mentally photographed; and when an escaped prisoner is "wanted"—no matter by what prison, or in what State—this keen-edged official is instantly communicated with, in order that the delinquent may be brought face to face with an official who never yet was known to miss his man. When a convict enters the visitors' room, a guard is placed on the door, and from that moment Mr. Jackson's eye never stirs from that prisoner or his friends. At times there are as many as twenty persons in the apartment, but two, or twenty, are as one to this argus-eyed official. The friends of the prisoners are allowed to bring them underclothing, newspapers, books, fruit, etc., etc.; but in all cases every gift must be laid upon the table at which the detective presides, each article being examined by him ere it is allowed to be handed to the convict. An hour is permitted to each prisoner, and the wistful, agonizing glances of mothers, sisters, friends, at the clock, as it hurries the sand from out the glass of their miserable happiness, is one of those vivid scenes of human torture it would require the pencil of a Doré to illustrate.

LIFE IN THE HALL.

Passing down the zinc-covered stairs, through the iron bars and a plated door, we enter the Hall. This, the prison, is 484 feet long, 42 feet wide, and fifty feet high, containing 1,191 cells, in six tiers. The cells building is in the centre, being separated from the wall by a space of six feet, while a narrow window is situated opposite each cell. Iron galleries run along the cells, approached by three flights of stairs, one at either end, and one in the middle. The cells, back to back and facing the windows, are 8 feet long by 3½ feet wide, and 7 feet high. The doors are of iron—crossbarred at the top for the purpose of admitting light, the temperature averaging from 60 to 70. Each cell is provided with an iron cot two feet wide, suspended from the wall by a rope, a straw mattress, 3 blankets—old men are allowed 4 or 5—a kerosene lamp, a quart drinking-pail, a wash kit, etc. A Bible and tract, provided by the State through the prison chaplain, are placed in each cell. Soap is distributed twice a month; one ration of oil a week, and two ounces of tobacco for chewing per week. Some convicts are so fearfully nervous when night comes upon them that the doctor occasionally permits the use of a lamp beyond the prison-hours of nine o'clock. The convict turns out to breakfast at a quarter past seven o'clock in Winter, at half-past six o'clock in Summer. He dines at twelve, and sups in his cell, in Winter, at five o'clock. For breakfast he gets hash, made up of the broken meats, bread and coffee. For dinner, fresh meat three times a week, and corned beef twice. On Friday codfish in gravy. On Sunday, pork and beans, or rice pudding, the vegetables used being potatoes, cabbage, pickled beans or boiled onions. For supper he gets coffee and bread. We tasted the food, and pronounce it both excellent and abundant. In the mess-room are 84 wooden tables, each accommodating 15 convicts, making a total of 1,260. A keeper attends to every 3 tables. Fifteen minutes are allowed for dinner. Forty convicts are employed in attending to the mess-room as waiters, peeling potatoes, onions, etc., etc. Each convict is supplied with a knife, fork and spoon, a tin cup full of water and a ration of bread. When leaving, each man takes his knife, fork and spoon and deposits them beneath the eyes of a keeper, in a receptacle for that purpose placed at the door. The average monthly consumption of food in the prison is: Flour, 380 barrels; potatoes, 425 barrels; beef, 35,000 pounds; pork, 2,500 pounds; codfish, 2,000 pounds; rice, 1,200 pounds; barley, 800 pounds, with a host of minor articles not necessary to enumerate here. They kill their own hogs, and 25 hundredweight of bread is used every day.

THE DISCIPLINE AND PRIVILEGES.

In the centre of the hall sits the hall-keeper in a sort of glass house which commands the entire side of the building. Through this coigne of vantage leads a covered way to the chapel. We emerged from the hall into a large open space with a grass-plot in the centre, boasting a couple of healthy trees, with houses for birds nestling cozily in their branches. Right in front of us, glittering in the sunlight, lay glimpses of the Hudson, mocking the hapless prisoners with its free-flowing waters. Upon our left lay the library, the Deputy Warden's office, the punishment-room, the hospital, the keepers' mess-room, and the foundry; between us and the river the store-house, and on the right the shoe factory and the mess-room. Further out the laundry, hat factory, clothes depôt, and another branch of the foundry. The depôts for these special branches of industry are termed shops, and from these shops the convicts emerge in gangs when the steam-whistle sounds for meals, each gang being presided over by a keeper. A convict when not occupied keeps his arms crossed and his eyes fixed upon the ground. When marching to meals in gangs of fifty or sixty, the foremost man steps a little in advance and commences to mark time; the second man approaches him as closely as it is possible for him to do, and placing the right hand upon his shoulder and the left upon the left hip takes up the military step. In this way the entire number fall in, and, close as sardines in a box, they march, or shuffle, as the order is given them, the striped dress, the uniform motion, imparting to the moving mass the appearance of a gigantic reptile. Unless addressed by a keeper or an instructor, no convict ever speaks. The breaking of this rule is visited by punishment. The punishment in Sing Sing consists of the cage, the dark cell and the paddle. The light cell is also

used, with a ration of bread and water. Should the conduct be persistently bad, tobacco is stopped—this portion of the sentence being very keenly felt—and all communication with the outer world, while a uniformly incorrigible convict loses his commutation. As we shall have occasion further on to describe the punishment-room, we shall not here describe the cage or paddle. The commutation is the first great solace to the mind of the convict after sentence, and to this he looks forward with a despairing hope. A sentence of one year entitles him to two months, always provided his conduct is unexceptionable while in prison; five years, to one year and five months; ten years, to three years and six months; fifteen years, to five years and seven months; twenty years, to seven years and eight months; thirty years, to eleven years and ten months. There are several life-convicts in the prison, who hope for commutation—one of them twenty-three years within the walls, being still a hale, and comparatively, youngish man. The proportion of colored prisoners is five per cent.

A CONVICT'S FIRST EXPERIENCE.

The train that leaves the Forty-second Street depot at 2 p. m. is known as the convict train. This brings the convict to the fruition of his punishment. The convicts are dispatched to Sing Sing in threes or sixes, heavily handcuffed. If the number is three, but one New York sheriff attends; if six, two. Upon their arrival they are marched by a side alley to the prison and through a special entrance to the deputy warden's office—a low-ceilinged, dark, square apartment, with a clock bearing the date 1771 on its dial opposite the door, an upright desk upon the left hand, a table, a large press, and two enormous spittoons. At the table sits the clerk, his doomsday book open, ready to enter the names, ages, occupations, crimes and sentences of the hapless wretches who file into the room, their faces turned to the wall, their arms crossed, their uncovered heads bowed. The deputy warden, seated at the other side of the table, receives his prisoners from the sheriff or sheriffs, and as each name is called, the convict turns, approaches the clerk, replies to the queries put to him, while all papers, documents, or articles in his possession are placed upon the table. Then he returns to his former position facing the wall. When this preliminary has been disposed of, the prisoners are marched into the Hall, placed with their faces to the wall as in the reception-room, and being called by name by the hall-keeper, each in turn is stripped to the skin and ordered to take a tub-bath in a cell allotted for the purpose. Upon either side of the lavatory stand baskets—one containing suits of prison garb, the other empty, for the reception of the garments which the new-comer is about to cast off. Should these habiliments be new, or of good staying quality, they are turned over to the tailor for repairs, in order to be donated to outgoing prisoners, as every convict quitting Sing Sing is equipped in a decent suit of clothes, boots and hat. Should the new-comer's garments be shabby or filthy, they are instantly burned. The lavatory process being over, the convict emerges from the cell, is dried, and for the first time dons the striped jacket and trousers—the prison uniform, the badge of infamy and disgrace. Close at hand stands a rude barber's chair, into which the neophyte is placed and duly shaved by a convict barber. When the whole batch is bathed, uniformed and shaved, they are placed in line by the hall-keeper, who then reads to them the rules of the prison. They are shown how to march, the *modus operandi*, and generally instructed as to the ways and habits of the place. Special cells are allotted to new-comers for the first night of their arrival, only differing from the others as to location, into which they are now introduced, and left to ponder over the ghastly future that awaits them—its hideous sameness, its grim silence, its vice-like grip, and to revel in the remorse that gnaws them like a living despair.

We will refer further to the subject next week.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

"MR. AND MRS. DORNLEIGH not at home to any one, Tuesday, the 12th of June," is what we ought to send to our friends," suggested Eva Dornleigh to her husband.

Maurice and Eva Dornleigh were a young married couple. That is, comparatively a young married couple. The 12th of June was the second anniversary of their wedding-day, and this was their first season in town.

Such a season! What with balls, dinners, "at homes," five o'clock teas, conversaciones, operas, musical evenings, and amateur theatricals, they had not been able to keep one evening to themselves; and as for the daytime—well, there was no daytime to speak of, when you had subtracted the necessary hours for sleep, several meals, the Park, shopping, visiting, garden-parties, the Zoo, Hurlingham, Crystal Palace, and flower-shows. But the 12th they had determined to keep to themselves. They had made a resolution, and, in spite of everything, that day, the anniversary of their wedding, was to be kept sacred. Should they spend it in the country or town? All things considered, including the uncertainty of the weather, they had decided in favor of home, sweet home; for, wherever they were likely to wander, there could be no place to them like their own home, with a little extra boy-baby worship for that occasion only, with a libation of wine to the high-priestess of the nursery temple.

"That is what we will do," said Eva and Maurice, simultaneously. Dinner for two, themselves *tête-à-tête*, at eight o'clock, precisely.

Their house was a perfect little snugery in Mayfair. It was what people call "a band-box." A very expensive band-box, by-the-way, crowded with *bric-à-brac*, china, quaintly shaped glasses, brass work, English and French tapestries, *portières*, cabinets, Japanese knickknacks. The dining-room, a tight-fit for eight, was made, on occasion, to hold double that number, and there was barely space for the thinnest and most wiry serving-men, hired from the confectioner's in the neighborhood, assisted by professional gentlemen from the greengrocer's, to move edgeways between the chair-backs and the wall, and even then it was nervous work. A portly waiter—much in demand in establishments where no butler is kept—was out of the question. The waiters wanted for this special service were required to be nimble, lissome, wiry; undersized men, as active and sure-footed as Welsh ponies, as sure-handed, and as quick-eyed, and as steadily nerved as conjurers, or as the gymnasts who, with one band, keep half-a-dozen knives and as many balls going in the air,

while, with the other, they are spinning plates—a feat in anticipation of the subsequent sending the hat round, when, by-the-way, the crowd generally breaks up, being perfectly satisfied with an exhibition of skill gratis.

Affairs at number twenty Brown Street, Mayfair, did not look very promising for the wedding anniversary. The weather was provoking to begin with. Just like it, of course. In what is called "the good old days," I firmly believe the weather was a settled thing. There were no barometers and other inventions to confuse matters, and almanacs were *de luxe*. Ballooning, too, was unknown, and an aeronaut would have been burnt alive as a witch, and so effectually prevented from risking his life on a fool's errand. True, poor Admiral Fitzroy of late years tried to rearrange the climate, and bring the elements under something like control. But of what practical value have forecasts been? Can any one a fortnight beforehand guarantee no rain for a botanical *fête*, or tell us what orders we are to give our tailors and haberdashers for June and July next? Shall we buy an umbrella, or shall we not—that is the question? In vain we all pause for a reply. Are we to have dust-coats, or waterproofs, or heavy ulsters for the next Derby?

The modern sky (I don't believe a bit in its being the same old sky under which our great-great-grandfathers lived to good old age) follows the prevailing fashion of neutral tints; perhaps it may have set it, and if it is bright and joyous to-day, it is safe to be clad in dull gray and to be repentant to-morrow.

Monday—which is still the day before Tuesday, for in this arrangement there has been, at present, no alteration—the Monday in question, the day before the Tuesday, was as joyous a day as ever any one of a lively temperament would wish to see.

The trees in the parks and the squares were as fresh as paint, and the color didn't come off on your best coat; and the flowers were in their *première jeunesse*; and the London birds were twittering and chirping in their peculiar cockney fashion; for London birds have their own particular style—they don't sing, they have a business-like twitter throughout the week, which they drop on Sundays for a most respectable and quiet note. I do not profess to know exactly what a poet means by "cheeping"—and I should be interested to hear a poet himself explain his own meaning in prose—but if the word is old English, does it not evidently point to the time when the business end of London was, like the "business end" of the tin tuck, the sharpest part of the metropolis? I say the expression "cheeping" points to that time when one side of the way to the city was an avenue of trees, where the birds used to "cheep" or "chepe," and hence the name Cheepside. I don't insist upon this as a fact; I only advance it as an hypothesis.

Be this, and anything else into the bargain, as it may be, the Monday we have already commenced describing was an exhilarating day; so much so that Eva and Maurice looked forward to the morrow without fear and with more than hope. They arranged their plans. They would start for the river early. They would spend the most delightful day on the Thames. They would return when they pleased. They would have a nice little dinner awaiting them in their own house, and they would be happy ever afterwards.

On that brilliant Monday, Maurice came out in his best, his lightest, and his brightest; as did Eva.

They complained of the oppressive heat; they had the windows open. They drove in the Park. They went out to a dinner-party; and every one, such was the effect of the weather, was babbling of green fields.

But Tuesday came, as it will when Monday has gone. And on Tuesday morning Mayfair was foggy; moreover, Mayfair was cold.

"I'm hanged," said Maurice, in anything but a good humor, as he almost flattened his nose against the window-pane. "I'm hanged if we shan't be obliged to have a fire!"

They began with a small fire in the drawing-room. It was a half-spirited, dull affair, and after much hesitation it gave one feeble crackle and went out.

No sun appeared. It had gone into the country for a change, as letters from Scarborough next day, and even from within fifty miles of town, told of a lovely day. The fog cleared slightly, and there was a drizzle of rain. It was damp, it was cold, it was raw, and there is only one way of dealing with a day that is at once damp, cold, and raw; and that is to put it before a good fire, dry it, heat it, and finally cook it, and by midnight the rawest day must be done at last.

Maurice and Eva adopted this course. They killed time somehow, and looked forward to dinner. Instead of adhering to eight o'clock, they agreed to pull close the curtains, to light the dining room fire and abandon the drawing-room, play at Winter, and dine an hour earlier.

At all events they would make the best of everything, and thank their stars—invisible, of course—that if the weather kept them in, it at least kept others in also, and so they would be uninterrupted by ill-timed visits.

A knock and a ring. The telegraph-boy. Maurice and Eva wondered, having seen him from the window, for whom the message could be.

Within the next five minutes the housemaid appeared, and begged to know if she might go and see her aunt, who was dangerously ill in the country. Maurice did not believe in housemaids' aunts; Eva did, and also in housemaids. Consequently she gave the required permission. Sorrowful gratitude on the part of the housemaid, who was seen leaving the house about half an hour after, dressed in the latest fashion, doubtless to cheer her suffering relative.

Luncheon time. Luncheon late.

Maurice rang. Scarcely was his hand off the bell when the boy William rushed into the room, his face pale, his hair disheveled, his whole demeanor expressive of sudden terror.

Was the house on fire? What was the matter? "Oh, sir," cried the boy, gasping for breath, "I can't do nothing with cook; she's been runnin' after me with a carving-knife all round the kitchen, and she swears she'll 'ave my life afore she's done with me."

"Nonsense," said Maurice.

"No, 'tain't really, sir, and I think she's gone mad, sir."

A mad cook in the house!—here was a pleasant prospect for the wedding anniversary.

"Tell her to come up here," said Maurice. He didn't exactly see himself going down the dark kitchen-stairs, with, perhaps, the cook in ambush behind somewhere or other, with the carving-knife or a chopper. "Of course," as he put it to his wife, "I'm not afraid of her, but still it's not pleasant."

But the boy William was not to be induced to descend to the lower regions again. He couldn't do it.

"I couldn't face her, sir—I'm afraid to, sir; there's no knowin' what she may do," he protested, tearfully.

From the days of Whittington till now, page-boys have always gone in mortal dread of the cook.

In vain Maurice played, so to speak, the part of the bells, and chimed out "Turn again," to the representative of Whittington. But William wouldn't. He refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, and affairs had reached a crisis, when Eva entered the room.

"I'll go down and see her myself," she exclaimed at once, putting to shame Maurice and William.

But before she could carry out her plan, the cook, with her bonnet and shawl on, appeared in the passage, or, to name it in the Mayfair style, "the hall."

She was an elderly woman, a first-rate cook, and generally civil and taciturn. Her character had been excellent, and her nationality, she had said, was Welsh.

Now she stood before them, a very plain cook, indeed, dressed in black, with a gingham in her hand and an ill-shaped bonnet on her head.

"Arrah thin, I'll not stand it any longer annyway!" she exclaimed. "It's the bhoys that's the trouble"—she meant trouble—"of my life. Ye don't know how ye're bein' rabbed, mum, roight and left, by the *gosssoon* here"—as she was good at French names for dishes, she presumably meant *garçon*, "and by the baggage that jist wint out o'er doors to see her ant; and if she said her cozzin it would be nearer the truth."

"Cook," said Maurice—he was very nervous, but tried to appear supernaturally firm, though the judicial ring of his own voice startled him not a little—"Cook, you are not in a fit state to—"

"Not in a fit state, is it?" she exclaimed. "Not in a fit state!" she yelled. "Then it's drunk, ye'd say I am!"

Eva, trembling, put her finger to her lips and shook her head at Maurice. But the excited woman was too quick for her; she had perceived the action and mistaken the meaning.

"Ah," she exclaimed, making a sort of eccentric courtesy, and making the "ah" last as long as the courtesy. "Ah, there, indeed! I see yer, mum, making signs and significations behind my back, which ye might as well abuse a decent woman to her face; an'orra a dhrop has passed my lips this blessed day, nor yesterday neither for the matter o' that. For wasn't the oath on me for three months past, and is it myself as 'ud break me wurd?"

A light broke in upon Maurice and Eva at the same moment. Yes, for three months she had been exemplary. But from her statement, it was evident that with yesterday, Monday, the term of her temperance undertaking had expired.

What were they to do with her? She might have been Welsh when sober, but she was unmistakably Irish when drunk. To keep her was impossible, to turn her out would be difficult, if not dangerous. Fortunately she extricated them from the dilemma.

"I'll not stop another minute in a house where I'm insulted as I've been here. But I warn you, ye're young both of you, and ye'll be sorry ye've not attended to them as wished ye well and would have acted truly by ye. But ye're being rabbed by them as ye put your trust in. And as for that boy, he'll bring sorrow on ye, and I'll be away to my relations that'll be glad to see me—drunk though ye think I am—and I'll not take my wages, but I'll come to-morrow for my money and my box, which ye can search if ye suspect me, though I'll search the others first, and maybe ye'll not find then as honest a woman as decent Mary Flanagan, that niver had a wurd spoken agin her character till this blessed minnit. Phew!" and so saying, Mary Flanagan (in Welsh, Jane Jones) banged out of the room, into the passage, and out of the front door.

Watched from the dining-room window, her conduct in the street as far as they could see was characterized, like the British law, by its glorious uncertainty. She appeared to be tracing a sort of zigzag pattern on the pavement, and resented the interference of the lamp-posts as entirely uncalled for and impertinent. Finally, at the corner of the street, she waved her umbrella, perhaps defiantly, perhaps triumphantly, perhaps without attaching any particular signification to the action, and so disappeared.

The household now consisted of nurse, up-stairs with baby, the Boy William, still dreadfully unnerved, and themselves.

"I thought she said she was Welsh, and that her name was Jones," remarked Maurice to his wife.

"Yes, dear," replied Eva, innocently, "and I thought so, too. I noticed that her English was peculiar."

"English! dear, she's Irish," exclaimed Maurice.

"Ah well, dear," exclaimed Eva, "it would have been equally the same to me, as I had never met with an Irish or a Welsh woman. But she's a very dreadful person."

"She's been drinking," said Maurice, decidedly. "Do you think so?" replied Eva. "I don't. I really do believe it was all temper."

Maurice treated such a notion as too absurd to be entertained for a minute.

"You might as well say it was the weather as temper," he said.

"Well," was Eva's rejoinder, "the weather might have had something to do with it. Now I must see to the luncheon, myself."

"And how about the dinner?" Maurice asked, in a tone that implied anything but confidence in his wife's knowledge of the culinary art.

"Oh, don't you be afraid. Thank goodness we're alone to-day, and it will be rather fun doing our own dinner ourselves!"

"Ahem!" said Maurice, doubtfully. And his wife disappeared into the kitchen to make the very best of what decidedly looked unpromising.

Luncheon resulted in the remains of a cold ham, with bread and butter. What dinner would be was a problem, for Eva had very little experience as a cook. The page-boy's nerves had been quite unstrung, and he seemed to be wandering in his mind. Fortunately, baby having fallen into a quiet sleep, the nurse came to the rescue, and as she had once served as an under-something in the kitchen of a large establishment, she had just that amount of knowledge which may be useful, but is, proverbially, dangerous.

However, the happy pair had determined to make the best of it. If the worst came to the worst—whatever that might turn out to be—London was open to them with its restaurants and hotels; that is, always supposing the November fog did not suddenly return in the evening of that Summer day—though as to being a specimen of a Summer day, that was absurd on the face of it.

The day wore on, tediously enough for Maurice, who had exhausted his newspaper in the morning, and had no letters to answer or new books to read. The weather was against his going down to the club, and if it became worse it might prevent his returning, if he had once got there. It grew colder and colder, until Maurice made up his mind that he would take upon himself the responsibility of lighting the dining-room fire.

He struck a match with some misgiving as to the result. The fire commenced—but so did the smoke.

Then, of course, Maurice took up the poker, and attacked the register. He made a bad shot at it, the smoke being already dense, and only succeeded in bringing down a quantity of soot. More and more smoke. More frantic attacks on the register. At last he observed that the register had been up all the time. He was nearly stifled. Nothing for it but to open the window—both windows. And the door, too. Whereupon slam! bang! slam! went three other doors in various parts of the house, and within five minutes Maurice was sneezing violently, and experiencing a shuddery feeling down his back, the sure precursor of a violent cold.

The noise of the slamming woke the baby in a fright, and nurse was summoned from the shoulder of mutton in the kitchen to the child in the nursery. But the child was not to be appeased by any ordinary means. Nurse became frightened. There was a rash of some sort suddenly apparent. Mamma had to be summoned, and it became the page-boy's turn to watch the mutton before the fire. Maurice was called into consultation upstairs. He recommended a doctor immediately. "Would he go and fetch Doctor Martin, only a few streets off?" He would have done so, if he hadn't had this sudden and violent cold. Eva wouldn't hear of his going. The page-boy could be sent; he could be spared, and it would do him good to run there and back. As for Maurice, he must keep in one atmosphere, and warm for the rest of the day, or he might be laid up. So the page-boy was dispatched to Doctor Martin's. Eva minded the baby in the nursery, the nurse returned to the shoulder of mutton, and Maurice went to make the best he could of the smoky dining-room.

Six o'clock, no boy returned, nor doctor. Baby asleep and not worse.

Dinner suddenly got itself dressed half an hour before it was expected. Fried sole, shoulder of mutton.

Maurice and Eva laid the cloth between them; baby asleep in its bassinet in the back dining-room.

They had determined to be happy; they had determined that their anniversary should not be a failure.

"What an extraordinary thing about William!" said Eva, alluding to the errand page.

"Perhaps Doctor Martin is not at home, and he is waiting for him at his house," suggested Maurice. This was so clearly an effort of imagination, that both of them at once saw through the deception, and derived no comfort from it. Eva had her idea about the boy; he had been frightened out of his senses in the morning, and might have suddenly taken to drinking.

So they drew the curtains, lighted the gas, played at Winter, and prepared for dinner.

"For what we are about to receive," began Maurice, when he was interrupted by a violent ringing at the front-door.

"The doctor!" exclaimed Eva.

"The boy!" cried Maurice; and immediately rushed into the passage to open the door himself.

A policeman! He was "sorry to trouble them, but a assault 'ad been committed: both parties were in custody and the worse for liquor, and had referred them to his—Mr. Dornleigh's—house, where they were, they said, in service. The two parties were the cook and the boy." It appeared that the boy had stopped at a public-house in the neighborhood to inform a friend about the carrying-knife episode of the morning, when the cook, who had been refreshing herself in the "jug and bottle" department, came out and fell upon the lad, tooth and nail. He fled, and she after him. He fell, and she seized him. Row. Crowd. Appearance of policeman. Departure of all concerned for the station-house. The policeman would ask Mr. Dornleigh to attend the court next morning at ten, if he had anything favorable to say of the characters of his domestics. Deputation—the policeman—then withdrew.

This interruption had not increased the temperature of the sole. It was stone cold.

Misfortunes do come singly, but they follow one another rapidly.

"At all events," said poor Eva, as cheerfully as was possible under the circumstances—"at all events we've got the joint to fall back upon."

The words "fall back upon" were scarcely out of her mouth, when suddenly, as though some mischievous household goblin were that day let loose

to play his pranks on them, there was the sound of a heavy fall, a scream, and a tremendous smash. Out they both rushed. The nurse, carrying the joint up the kitchen-stairs, had tripped on the top step, the dish was broken to atoms, the shoulder of mutton had taken a few turns on its own account, and, having performed a few eccentric evolutions, had bounded down-stairs, and finally landed itself in a coal-scuttle, that happened to have placed itself—of malice prepense—just in a position to catch it. The nurse was in a fainting state, and this involved brandy immediately. This revived her with such effect that she became violently hysterical on the back dining-room sofa. Then baby woke up, and screamed. This demanded Eva's attention, while the nurse was left to Maurice, who knew about as much of the treatment necessary for persons in hysterics as he might have done of a cow with the cholera. He remembered to have heard something about slapping hands and stuffing pocket-handkerchiefs in the patient's mouth; but as she kept her hand and teeth tightly clinched, all that the unhappy Maurice could do was to stand by and hold her down by the arms, whenever she exhibited any aggravated signs.

In the midst of all this, a knock at the front-door.

Could it be the doctor?

Eva was obliged to answer the door herself, with her baby in her arms.

Doctor Martin, by all that was joyous! And Doctor Martin was the very man for the occasion. He was more than a match for bad luck and for the spirit of mischief. He told them good news of baby. Nothing to be afraid of. As for nurse, she would be herself again in a quarter of an hour or so. There was his brougham. He was going to dine alone. They should come with him; if they would, he would take it as a favor. He would send one of his servants to mind the house while they came to his, baby and bassinet too, and nurse could fetch her when quite recovered. And in less than three-quarters of an hour their troubles were at an end. They were seated at the doctor's table. Nurse was at home with baby, and Doctor Martin's housekeeper was in charge of the establishment. The only other incident worth mentioning was the arrival of a telegram from their housemaid, saying that as her aunt was so unwell she couldn't come back that night; but this was explained next morning, by the reappearance of that gay person, with a black eye and a damaged bonnet. She accounted for these phenomena, by saying that she had had the misfortune to get out of a carriage on the underground rail before the train had stopped. The ingenious young lady, on inquiries being instituted, was subsequently dismissed.

And so, with a good dinner, in the cheery old doctor's house, and an after-dinner health "to their anniversary and many of 'em," ended this Chapter of Accidents.

A Legal Ruse.

A LADY, as well known for her artistic abilities as for her want of punctuality in the payment of her debts, was a "bright particular star" at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, during the operatic season, which has just come to an end. She was "wanted" by Mr. P., a solicitor, who was anxious to serve her with "process." The lady was coy, and could not be interviewed. Mr. P., therefore, took a stage-box on the pit-tier, and when the lady had finished a well-executed air, he gallantly threw to her a beautiful bouquet, which had figured in front of his box. The lady took it up, and smiled graciously upon her admirer. Nestling in the flowers was a note. Was it a *billet-doux*? The lady slowly drew it forth. She opened it. Alas! it was not a tender of a heart and hand. It commenced "Victoria." She started back, for her name was not Victoria. The missive was from Her Majesty to the *artiste*. It bore a seal, but not of Hymen. It was, indeed, a writ. The lady treated the matter as a theatrical joke. The Court of Queen's Bench did not. Judgment was obtained, and the lady was arrested, as she was leaving the theatre with her weekly salary, and her daughter by her side. She was taken to a sponging-house. That evening she was to appear in one of her best parts. A gallant nobleman, hearing of what had occurred, came to the rescue, and, providing himself with sovereigns, obtained her release. No one, under the circumstances, could have done more.

Historical Sketch of the Various Denominations of our Gold Coins.

The following is a historical sketch of our gold coinage:

1. The Double-eagle, or \$20 piece. Coinage of the double-eagle was authorized by the act of March 3d, 1859. Its weight is 516 grains. Its fineness is 900. (This technical form of expression means that 900 parts in a 1,000 are pure metal, the other 100 parts are alloy.) The total coinage of the \$20 gold piece up to June 30th, 1877, the close of the last fiscal year, was \$809,598,440. The amount is far greater than that of all the other coinage of the United States. It, in fact, is the imperial coin of our country, at once massive, weighty and regal in appearance.

2. The Eagle, or \$10 piece. Its coinage was authorized by the act of April 2d, 1792. The weight was first established by law at 270 grains, but was changed forty-two years afterwards, by the act of June 28th, 1834, to 258 grains, where it has remained ever since. Its fineness was, in the beginning, made 916 2/3, but was changed by the act of June 28th, 1834, the same act that lowered its weight to 899.225. Two years and a half subsequently its fineness was increased—less than one part in a thousand—to 900. Its weight and fineness have remained thus fixed to the present day. The total coinage of this noble piece of American money up to June 30th, 1877, was \$56,707,220—less than one-fourteenth of the total coinage of the imperial double eagle.

3. The Half-eagle, or \$5 piece. This elegant coin has undergone the same vicissitudes as the eagle. Its coinage was authorized by the same act of April 2d, 1792. Its weight was 135 grains, and its fineness 916 2/3. By the act of June 28th, 1834, its weight was reduced to 129 grains and its fineness to 899.225. By the act of January 28th, 1837, its fineness was raised to the uniform standard of 900. Its weight and fineness have thus remained to our time. Its total coinage up to the close of the last fiscal year was \$69,412,815.

4. The Quarter-eagle, or \$2.50 piece. This fine coin belongs to the same family with the eagle and half-eagle. Its coinage was authorized, its weight and fineness correspondingly altered, by the same acts. The statute of 1795 made its weight 67.5 grains and its fineness 916 2/3. Its weight was reduced to 64.5 grains and its fineness to 899.225 by the act of 1834. The act of 1837 raised its fineness to 900. Its total coinage up to June 30th, 1877, was \$26,975,750.

5. The Dollar. This pretty little gold piece was created by the act of March 3d, 1849, the same act that authorized the coinage of the double-eagle. It has remained unchanged. Its weight is 25.8 grains and its fineness 900. The total coinage up to the close of the last fiscal year was \$19,345,438.

6. Three-dollar piece. An act of February 21st, 1853, established this irregular coin. Its weight, 77.4 grains and its fineness 900, are of the normal standard, and have not been changed by subsequent acts. Its total coinage up to June 30th, 1877, was \$1,300,032.

It is scarcely necessary to state that all these gold coins are legal tender to an unlimited amount. The federal statute requires, however, that the weight should not be materially reduced by attrition.

Thus it will be seen, there are six pieces of gold coinage in the United States. The double-eagle, the three-dollar piece, the dollar piece—all of later coinage have not been changed in weight or fineness. One of the earliest acts of Congress authorized the coinage of the eagle, the half-eagle and the quarter-eagle. They remained of the same weight and fineness during more than forty years. By the act of June 28th 1834, the weight and fineness were both materially reduced.

Two years and a half subsequently, by the act of January 18th, 1837, the fineness was increased by less than one part in a thousand. The standard of weight and fineness has remained the same ever since for all gold coin. The fineness in nine parts of pure gold and one part of alloy, or 900 parts in 1,000, as it is generally expressed. The standard of weight, including alloy with the gold, is 25.8 grains to the dollar; the double-eagle, is twenty times that (516 grains); the eagle, ten times (258 grains); the half eagle, five times (129 grains); the three-dollar piece, three times (77.4 grains); the quarter-eagle, two and a half times (64.5 grains).

The question is sometimes asked, of what is the alloy made? In gold coin it was at first a compound of silver and copper. It was forbidden by statute that the alloy should be more than half silver. It is now nearly all copper, owing to advances in the art of assaying and improved methods in coinage. The total amount of gold coinage up to June 30th, 1877, was \$983,159,695.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Caffre War.

The African tribe of Galekas, in the Trans Kei territory at the southeast frontier of the British South African Dominion, have been at war for some time past with their British neighbors. These warlike natives belong to the Caffre race. On November 8th a detachment of troops was sent from Cape Town to bring them to terms, and the incidents of the expedition form the subjects of two of our pictures. The expedition was entirely successful, the natives retreating in haste at the approach of the white troops, who burned down all their villages and huts, but happily without loss of life on either side. The Ninetieth Regiment and a Highland Regiment were ordered from England to South Africa in December.

Transporting Artillery by Steam.

The Duke of Cambridge recently attending an exhibition of some interesting siege operations at Chatham, which were brought to a close by a naval review, is the subject of one of our foreign pictures. After all the troops who had taken part in the manoeuvres had passed in review the Artillery Reserve and Engineer Park went by, drawn by traction engines, which are known in the British service as "Steam Sappers." The first of these drew three 32-pounders on traveling carriages. A second followed drawing two 32-pounders and two 12-pounders; and this was followed by several other drawing wagons containing shot and shell, camp equipage, materials and stores, etc. These "Steam Sappers" will drag heavy guns up steep slopes, and can guide long trains with great accuracy around corners.

New Year's Day at the Elysee.

At Paris and Versailles the usual New Year's receptions took place this year in accordance with the annual custom. The clergy were not present in such force as is usual upon such occasions, and beyond the Bishop of Versailles and his clergy, few priests attended the reception of Marshal MacMahon. In Paris it was nearly five o'clock before the numerous functionaries, civil, military and judicial, had all left the building. The weather was fine throughout the day, and the sun bright. The Marshal, it was stated, although he had a hard day's work, was not particularly tired, and appeared pleased with the proceedings.

Hauling Out the Wounded at Plevna.

The English correspondents describe Plevna as having been "a vast charnel house" on the entry of the Russian army. For two days the victors were so given up to rejoicing that they even neglected the wounded with whom the place was filled. Numbers died in consequence of this neglect; and when, on the morning of the third day, the Russians "found opportunity and means to begin," the scenes in the various hospitals were indescribably horrible. Dead and living were inconspicuously mingled together; when the doors were opened, an odor burst forth which caused even strong men to turn sick and faint, while pitiful cries for water rent the air. Bread and water were speedily distributed, and the "feeble wretches fought each other with their last breath in their greed for nourishment." Next came the task of separating the living from the dead, which after a time was mainly accomplished by Bulgarians, who "set themselves about the hated task with a brutality terrible to witness. They drag the bodies down the stairs, then out into the court through the filthy mud, where they sling them into the cart with the heads and legs hanging over the side, and so continue to pile up the load with a score of half-naked corpses." Our picture was taken in the courtyard of Mehmet Bey's house, which was used as a Turkish hospital. A better fate befell those who were taken away by their Russian captors as prisoners of war.

The Military Hospital at Scutari.

Of all the numerous hospitals in Constantinople, the military hospital of Haidar Pasha, at Scutari, is the most important and the best appointed. Under ordinary circumstances it has accommodations for six hundred patients, though since the stormy days of Plevna it has contained on an average twice that number, beds and stretchers having been placed in the hallways and passages for the emergency. In all its equipments the establishment is in full keeping with the most advanced improvements of modern science; while the systems of surgery and medicine practiced there are in entire consonance with the methods of Western nations. The director in chief is Colonel Denish Bey, a Turk, whose immediate assistant is Isaac Hedjes Bey, a Jew, who holds the rank of lieu-

tenant-colonel. Under these are eleven assistant-surgeons of various nationalities, who are in regular daily attendance. There is likewise a nurse for every six patients.

A New Japanese Corvette.

The Empire of the Mikado makes rapid progress in the adoption of European ways and means of civilization, not the least important of which seem to be the land and sea armaments, or fighting establishments. Three Japanese ironclads, built in England, are about to proceed to Japan, where they will form a very powerful squadron. The ships are not only beautifully fitted, but perfect in construction. Speed, economy of fuel, very heavy armament, and the condition of being sea/s ocean cruisers, have been fully realized. The two corvettes are about 231 feet long, 41 feet beam, and 1,761 tons, with a displacement of 2,216 tons. They draw very little water, and require, with their heavy guns, only about 220 men. The Kau-go, of which we publish an illustration, is a sample of the class.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Greenbackers of Michigan are to hold a convention in Jackson, February 7th.

—THE King of Spain thinks of sending thirty boys, the sons of nobles, to this country to be educated.

—MISSISSIPPI legislators are in high dudgeon because they now have to furnish their own stationery and newspapers.

—CHICAGO pork-dealers in the last three months slaughtered over 240,000 more hogs than during the same period last year.

—THE British Government have entered into a contract with Colonel Reynolds for the supply of a large number of telephones.

—JAPAN has twenty-five national banks, with \$23,000,000 of capital, all established within less than two years, and all under Japanese managers.

—GERMAN philologists are debating as to whether they shall call the telephone a *Fernsprecher* (far-speaker) or *Sprachdraht* (speaking-wire).

—A SCHOOL for the ballet, consisting of three hundred children, gathered from the slums, has been opened in London, for the supply of the Opera House.

—THE Dutch at the Paris Exposition will come out very strong in tulips. Forty thousand bulbs are to be planted so as to figure out the arms of Haarlem in a most effective manner.

—THE English Order of the Garter is a broad scarlet, close-fitting collar, worn at the throat like a dog-collar, instead of at the knee, where garters are usually worn.

—THE International Confederation for promoting the observance of the Christian Sabbath has offered a prize of 2,000 francs for the best essay on "The Evils of Sunday Railroad Traffic."

—A RECENT return shows that infant mortality in Holland exceeds that in England and Wales by fifty-five per cent. This is what keeps down the Dutch population. No cause is assigned.

—A LENDING library of hand-books on subjects of decorative art has been established in New York for the use of contributors and other persons who, living out of the city, cannot have access to the city libraries.

—THE State Teachers' Association, of Illinois, at its last meeting, resolved that "it again indorses, with emphasis and without equivocation, the co-educational system of schools."

—A NEW industry is said to be extending in Paris. It consists in the manufacture of a cloth, much lighter and warmer than wool, from the feathers of domestic and other birds. The material is waterproof, and takes dye readily.

—THAT the Suez Canal is proving a success is shown by the steadily increasing business it is doing. In 1875, 1,494 vessels passed through, paying \$5,777,260 in tolls; in 1876 the figures were 1,457 and \$5,994,999; in 1877, 1,663 and \$6,552,279.

—THEY tell of a landlord in Bangor, Me., who, after he had been paid a quarter's rent, came back and said that times were hard, and he had therefore decided to come down in the rent, and taking out his wallet gave back some of the money on the payment.

—A MEMBER of the Ohio Legislature offered a bill to enable criminals condemned to death to choose whether they will be hung, shot, or put to death with chloroform. The grammar and spelling of the document were so bad that it was referred to the Committee on Schools and School Funds.

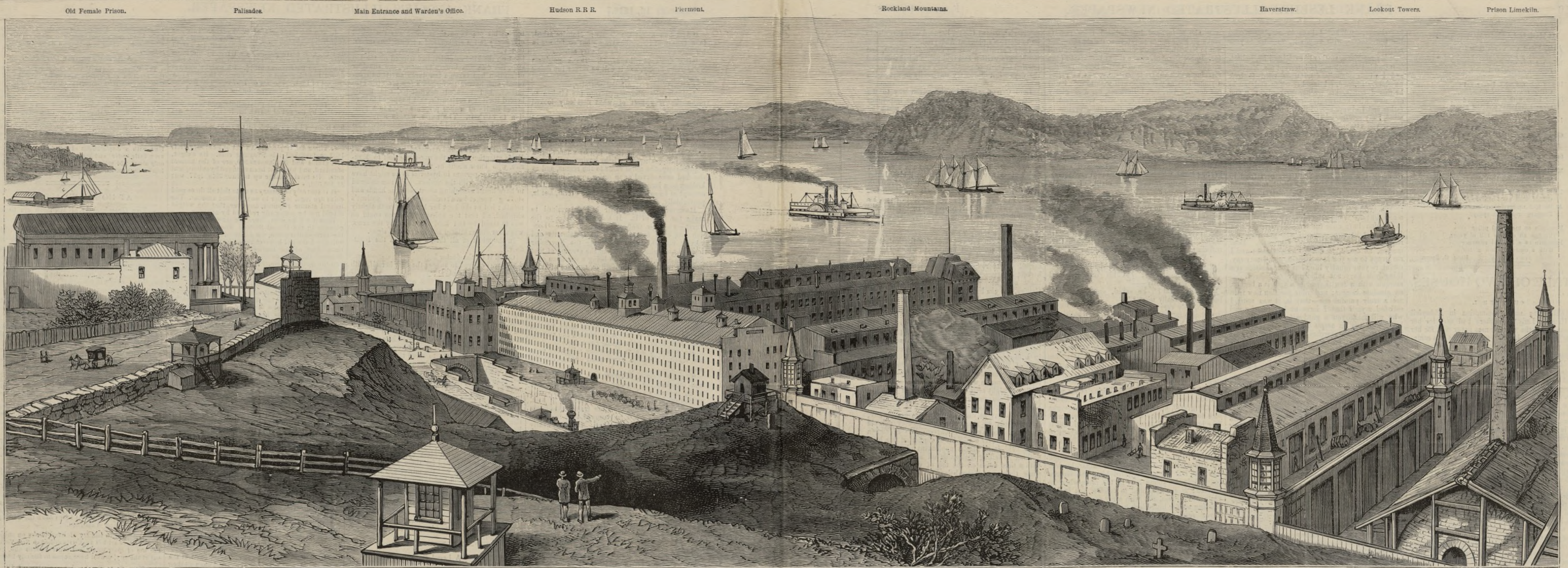
—WHILE remonetization of silver is with a class of our people considered the next step of progress for the country to take, Germany is continuing its work of demonetizing its silver. The amount of Prussian silver money alone withdrawn from circulation up to the end of September, amounted to 627,654,480 marks (1 fr. 25c. each); and of subsidiary or token money 3,260,465 marks.

—AN enterprising firm of Wall Street brokers have issued, in a size convenient for the pocket, a work describing all the outstanding Government bonds, showing how and at what figures purchases can be made and giving the rates of interest on each class, as well as a list of the bonds called in. A supplement contains tables imparting a vast and valuable amount of information on the engrossing subject of silver.

—THE fashionable bracelet in Paris is *l'esclavage*—slavery. It is a fetter of gold worn on the arm above the elbow, and is riveted and soldered by the jeweler in the presence of the donor, to be worn till death, or divorce, or separation. The jeweler, when the operation is over, bids the lady call next day to see that the rivet holds firmly. She comes—without her friend, *bien entendu*—and the treacherous goldsmith confides to her the secret of a concealed spring by means of which she can remove the fetter at will.

—A BROOKLYN factory girl has sued her employer for the amount of a fine he imposed upon her for not making buttons properly. She said to the Justice: "If I, or any of the two hundred other girls employed in the factory, was five minutes late, a fine of twenty-five cents was imposed. There were various other fines; for instance, we would be fined if we dropped a small piece of trimming on the floor. There was a room above the workshop, and if any of us wished to hang our hats or cloaks there we had to pay twenty-five cents a week for the privilege."

—THE distress in South Wales is frightfully severe. There is a collapse of the coal trade, which has fallen off at Cardiff alone by 100,000 tons a month, and the resulting poverty is deplorable, both as a fact and as evidence of the improvidence of the population. In some places people are feeding on potato-peelings, raw cabbage-leaves, and brewers' grain. At Merthyr there are hundreds, reports the *Times*, "in a state of semi-starvation," turning over the refuse of the streets for food. Of five hundred collieries in Monmouth and Glamorgan-shire, only twenty are working full time. Lord Aberdare distributes soup in hundreds of quarts a day, but a national subscription would appear to be required.



1.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE PRISON BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS, LOOKING TOWARDS THE WEST SHORE OF THE HUDSON RIVER. 2.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRISON GROUNDS—CONVICTS MARCHING TO DINNER IN SQUADS, UNDER CHARGE OF THE KEEPERS.
NEW YORK.—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE STATE PRISON AT SING SING, ON THE HUDSON RIVER, AT TAPPAN BAY.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 405.

MEMORIAL AND MOURNER.

O H, I find not words to tell you
What a mighty grief was mine—
How my lost one's love was holy
Pure as sacramental wine.

If you ask me why I rear not
Costly monumental tomb,
Silver lamp within it throwing
Gleams fantastic o'er the gloom—

I reply that mausoleum,
Tower, and massive marble wall,
Gilded fane, and polished column,
Must at last decay and fall.

Such undying love I bore her,
All memorial I could raise,
Would be something unbefitting,
Only something that decays.

I would choose a granite mountain,
Gilded with each morning ray,
At its foot up-springing fountain
Flinging iridescent spray.

Mountain as memorial pillar
Through an endless roll of years,
Fountain as a faithful mourner
With a ceaseless flow of tears.

BENJ. G. SMITH

A TALE OF TWO HOUSES.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was some commotion in Abbeyfell House. Lady Carruthers had sent for her son; and the marchioness never sent for her son to her sacred boudoir unless there was something very important afoot. The last time he had been so summoned was when the great doctor from Dublin had declared that his father's spell of life was nearly over; and the solemn recollection of that last visit awed him as he walked along the corridor on his way to obey his mother's summons. He was not a handsome man, was this young marquis; his face was not modeled after the fashion of those whose destiny it is to be rulers among men; but its extreme good-nature and intelligence redeemed it partially from the weakness that was shown in every line of it. The ruling spirit at Abbeyfell was certainly the marchioness, who, seldom seen herself, issued her commands, and thundered forth reprimands, through her maid, to the little kingdom of which she deemed herself the absolute sovereign. There were those, indeed, who were sometimes inclined to kick against her authority; but her eldest son was not one of these; and as long as he was allowed his books, and his leisure to read them, cared little who assumed the reins of government. Not so his brother, Lord George Carruthers, a young man of vigorous mind and body, who, having successively routed every commanding officer and adjutant he had come into contact with in his service in the Guards, thought it only due to himself and to his principle to rebel against his mother's usurped authority, and stimulated his brother in vain to assert his proper position as head of the house.

"Hang it all, Jack," he would say, "she's only here on sufferance, as I am, after all."

"Don't say that, George," responded his lordship, mildly, but firmly; "don't say that—you know you can live here as long as you like and so can she, and she shall. Even when I marry, if I do ever marry, there's lots of room in this old barrack for all of us."

"Thank you, Jack; but when you marry, out I go. I've no notion of spoiling your married life by quarreling with or making love to your wife, and one or the other I should most certainly do."

"The first, I hope," laughed Lord Carruthers. "You'd do the other a great deal too well. By-the-by, who are you making love to now? Who is to be your next sacrifice?"

"Alas, unconscious of their doom
The little victims play."

George Carruthers's face grew grave, and the tone of levity had quite vanished from his voice as he answered:

"No one. To tell you the truth, Jack—and you won't laugh at me when I tell you I'm serious—I'm awfully hard hit, myself; so hard, that I don't know what to do."

"Do!—why, there is only one thing——"

"For a younger son, yes—go away and forget. Forget? as if I could ever forget!"

And he laughed bitterly.

"Come, George," said the other, kindly, "you know what I've always told you. I'm not rich, but whatever I have——"

"Nonsense, old boy," interrupted George. "Don't be offended, but it is nonsense. You can't do as your good old heart would make you, and it's better as it should be. However, we will not begin a discourse on the law of primogeniture now, as I see old Boffles coming, evidently on serious business intent."

Their conversation had taken place in the corridor, which ran from end to end of the big, ugly mansion, aptly termed by its owner a barrack; and Boffles, the butler, coming up with the message from the marchioness, Lord George cast a look of pity on his brother, as he hurried off to obey his summons, and betook himself to the stables to smoke a pipe, and feel the legs of the horses; for, as he said, "If they're lame, it's better to know the worst; and if they're sound, it sends one to bed happy."

Lady Carruthers was seated in her great arm-chair, that, to the eyes of her awestruck children, had always resembled a mighty monarch's throne, placidly and with her usual calm and dignified expression doing her eternal work, which, varied by an occasional novel, formed her sole occupation and amusement.

"Moreton," she said (Moreton had been his title ere the death of his father, and she always called him by it, having a horror of the undignified name of Jack), "sit down by me and listen. I have something to say to you of the utmost importance." And poor Lord Carruthers sat down, and felt like a nervous member of a jury, whose eye the judge had caught during his open-

ing charge. "What I have to say," proceeded the marchioness, with emphasis, "relates to your marriage."

"My marriage, mother!" exclaimed he, aghast.

"Be kind enough not to interrupt me, Moreton, and I will explain." Carruthers tried to look humbler still, and, folding her white and much-be-ringed hands, his mother proceeded: "You are now nine-and-twenty; and both your poor father and I always agreed that it was necessary—mind, I say necessary—that you should be married before you attained the age of thirty. A man in your position has always this duty to do; but you have another, or rather the duty with you carries with it another. You must marry a woman with money." Her ladyship paused a minute to wet her lips—a habit of hers when preparing and rounding her sentences—and Carruthers tried to speak, but she waved him to be silent, compressed her hands, that the action had disarranged, together again, and went on: "I should have spoken to you before on this subject; but though I have made diligent inquiries, and many of my friends in London have done the same for me, until now I have not lit upon any girl who possessed the requisites for the position of your wife. Your income, no doubt, is enough for yourself; and I am happy to see you so contented, and, I may say, useful, in your country life; but your position is a thing you have not sufficiently considered. A marquis with a few thousands a year is a beggar, an absolute beggar; and your position now is to me a truly painful one—that is, it was until I satisfied myself that I have at last found a girl who will make you a good wife, and, moreover, bring with her an ample fortune. It is curious, indeed, that in my searches in your behalf I never looked at home; for here, at I may say, our very gate, I have found her. Moreton, you must marry Miss Bernard, of Castle Bernard!"

And the marchioness wetted her lips and looked majestically at her son.

"Marry Miss Bernard!" he stammered out; "but I scarcely know her; I——"

"You will have this Winter plenty of opportunity for making her acquaintance. Now that the Bernards have come to settle down at Castle Bernard we shall see, no doubt, a great deal of each other. She is, as you know, a well-behaved girl; just the right age for you, and—not that that matters in the least—passably pretty. Mr. Bernard is, as I have ascertained for certain, over seventy years of age; and, therefore, there is little chance of a boy's being born. Miss Bernard will have the whole Castle Bernard property, besides an estate in Cheshire—altogether a really large income. I have ascertained, indirectly, that Mrs. Bernard would have no objection to the alliance; as dear Lady Selina says, marquises do not grow on every tree; and the Bernard money could not possibly be used for a higher or nobler purpose than to support the daughter of the house in the rank of marchioness!"

Poor Lord Carruthers was taken by surprise, and tried in vain to make excuses; but he was no match for his white-handed mother; and when he left her room, some hour afterwards, he had promised, if possible, to do as she desired, and take the necessary step for the benefit of his family. The Bernards were to be asked over to them almost immediately; and a close alliance was to be at once effected between the two houses of Abbeyfell and Castle Bernard.

Lord George, when his brother communicated to him the purport of his mother's message, said not a word; but he was very moody and silent that night at dinner, and as he sat over his pipe in the smoking-room far into the small hours, at intervals strange sounds broke from him as of suppressed oaths; and as he rose and lit his candle, ere betaking himself to bed, he said to himself between his set teeth, "My God, is it to be so? And I do love her so truly!"

Having seen how Lady Carruthers had disposed of the hand of Miss Bernard, let us ourselves go over to Castle Bernard, and see that young lady and her belongings. The history of Mr. Bernard was a curious one; his father had lived in the good old days of Irish hospitality; and packs of cards and hounds, open house night and day, and every amusement and dissipation that could be invented for the destruction of a fortune, soon brought the glory of Castle Bernard down to the ground; its owner died of a broken heart, unable to bear his fall, and his son found himself, a healthy young man of five-and-twenty, with all the world before him, but not a shilling at home. He opened his oyster bravely, though, and after a hard life of struggle he returned one fine day to Ireland a prematurely aged man, having amassed in China a fortune many times larger than the one his father had so royally dissipated. His first care was to recover his paternal acres, which, by good fortune, he was enabled to do; his next, to marry a wife to bring him heirs to his hard-won wealth. This also he succeeded in doing; but she blessed him only with one child, a girl. They called her Isabel, and tried to love her as parents should love their only child; but in this I don't think they quite succeeded. Though she was the sweetest child that ever spoiled a frock, her father could never look at her without inwardly cursing her for not being a boy; and it was not in the nature of her mother to have the smallest affection for any one. A hard-faced, hard-spirited woman she was—a sort of conglomeration of the vinegar of our nature without a drop of the milk of human kindness to temper its acerbity.

Poor Isabel Bernard, then, had not a very happy home, and her prospect of changing it did not appear very hopeful, as her father continually said that, if his daughter married she must get as good as she brought; he would have no "internal fortune-hunters dangling after her." He had fancied, when he went back to Castle Bernard, after his many years' absence, that the neighbors seemed to look coldly upon him as a self-made man, and to forget that his was as old a county family as any of theirs, and, after a year's residence there, had betaken himself and family in disgust to his place in Cheshire, which he had bought for a second son, not knowing that even a first would be denied him. But a hint that Lady Carruthers had caused to be conveyed to his wife, as to her son's willingness to make her daughter a marchioness,

were she so inclined, had induced them now to make up their minds to return to the old place, and not to let such a chance of elevation pass untried for. Isabel Bernard, as she sits at breakfast in the magnificent dining-room of Castle Bernard on the morning which ushers in our story, was as pretty a young lady as you could well wish to see. I will not describe her, but, believe me, her dark glossy hair and black yet soft eyes were very sweet to look upon; and many were the young squires in the county that thought so. However, even Irish audacity could not break through the wall of prudence raised by her parents to shield her from harm, and the young squires sighed and ogled in vain.

"Mr. Bernard," says the lady of the house, who had just seated herself at breakfast and opened her first letter, "here's a note from the marchioness, asking us to dinner to-morrow night. I suppose we had better go?"

This was a little humbug on the religious lady's part, as she had no doubt whatever that they had better go.

"Yes, of course, my dear," says the old man; and very old and hard-featured he looks. "Of course. By-the-by, Isabel, you met Lord Carruthers at that party yesterday, did you not?"

"Yes, papa," said Isabel.

"Well, what did you think of him?"

"He seemed nice; but his brother, Lord George, I think really——"

"Really what?" he asked, sharply, as she hesitated—"really what?"

"Oh, only very good-looking."

"Nonsense," put in Mrs. Bernard, "nonsense, Isabel. 'You're always thinking of looks; as if the outward form mattered in the sight of God. Did Lord Carruthers talk to you much?"

"No, not much; but——"

"But what?"

"He seemed to wish to, only he couldn't find anything to say, as he stood by me nearly all the time."

"Ah-h!" said Mr. Bernard, looking at his wife.

Soon after breakfast a horse's steps were heard on the gravel, and Lord George Carruthers was seen to ride up to the front door. By some mistake both Mr. and Mrs. Bernard imagined that it was the elder brother who had come, and executed a masterly retreat, frowningly bidding Isabel stay and receive their guest, and say they would be down directly. It was an idea of his, and though his wife did think it improper and vulgar, his will was law, and she accompanied him. So George found only the young lady in the room when he entered; as she advanced to receive him in her plain white dress, and with a ray of the sun just lighting up her blue-black hair, he thought he had never seen anything so exquisitely lovely, so apparently formed for the worship of the other sex; for his own part, he felt that already he adored the ground she walked upon. I believe in love at first sight, but of course I am impractical and foolish. Love did not have the effect of making George Carruthers shy, and he rattled away on several topics of country interest, just mentioning that the primary object of his visit was to ascertain if they would dine at Abbeyfell the next night, and then somehow they got upon the subject of flowers.

"I don't care a bit for flowers in the Summer," he said; "they seem such a matter of course; but in Winter I think they are delicious. Will you give me one of those for my button-hole?" and he pointed to some camellias which adorned the room.

"Oh, yes!" said the girl, eagerly, and then blushing at herself for being so eager. The obstinate flower refused to break off, and it was necessary for George to help with a pocket-knife; in the operation, of course, their fingers somehow touched. There was nothing wrong in that, surely? And in bending down close to see better where to insert the knife, his lips rested for a moment on the little white hand so close to his. Was that very wrong either? Well, I suppose it was; but Isabel, though she blushed a bright crimson, I am afraid did not think so, nor was very angry with him for what he had done. I don't believe either of those two ever had had throughout their lives such an amount of pleasure as was put into that short half-hour that they were alone in the Castle Bernard drawing-room. Tom Moore is quite right:

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

I don't think they said much to each other, and I'm quite sure what they said would not be worth recording; but I think that the opening of the door and entrance of Mrs. Bernard called them down from a heaven they had made for themselves, whereof they were the only inhabitants!

Great was Mrs. Bernard's disgust to find that it was Lord George and not Lord Carruthers to whom they had allowed half an hour alone with Isabel; and it was all she could do not to be rude to him, and tell him civilly that they would dine at Abbeyfell the next night.

George Carruthers's honest face bore a perplexed expression as he cantered home, and his thoughts were so busily engaged that it was lucky his steed knew his way well, or they might have wandered to any part of the country.

CHAPTER II.

THE dinner at Abbeyfell was a great success, as far as the marchioness's plot was concerned. Her eldest son was obedient beyond her anticipations, and though for a few moments her maternal heart was torn by seeing Isabel Bernard and George conversing in a corner with apparent pleasure to themselves, she soon, by an adroit movement, routed them, and sent the latter off to turn over some music for Miss Monteith, a pretty young Scotch girl, who, with her brother Lolly Monteith of the Guards, a friend of George's, was staying with them on a short visit. Short the marchioness intended it to be; for Miss Monteith was as portionless as she was pretty, and, moreover, seemed to be very fond of the society of her eldest son, a fondness which he apparently shared. For the next week the two houses of Castle Bernard and Abbeyfell, to all intents and purposes, were only one. Each day on parting it was—"What are you going to do to-morrow?" and to-

morrow's plans at Castle Bernard were sure also to be to-morrow's plans at Abbeyfell.

Lady Carruthers was no mean diplomatist, and would have written and said polite falsehoods, and puzzled inquisitive people with any ambassador of the days when diplomacy was really an art and a profession.

Lord Carruthers had quite given way to the maternal stream, and was borne by its impetuous current each day to Castle Bernard, when he nearly always found himself taking tête-à-tête walks with Isabel, or sitting with her alone in the drawing-room. He was not good at making love, had none of the animal spirits and animation of his brother; but there was a gentlemanlike tenderness in his manner to women that nearly always charmed them when they knew him well; and had it not been for somebody else, Isabel Bernard would have almost fallen in love with him. But as it was, the little angel-demon, Cupid, had put it out of her power to do so, by stealing away her heart a week or so before; and I must do him the justice of saying, giving her a true, honest one in exchange. But of what use is the heart of a younger son?

She had been rather pained for the last three days by the persistent manner in which George Carruthers seemed to avoid her; and this fact caused her perhaps the more readily to lend herself, or apparently lend herself, to Lady Carruthers and her parents' scheme. Oh, George, George, had you but spoken in time! But regrets are unavailing and absurd; and if he had spoken, I should, perhaps, never have had the opportunity of writing this story.

George Carruthers, who kept and hunted the hounds that had always been a part of the establishment at Abbeyfell—Lord Carruthers did not hunt—instead of speaking his love, took to riding in a desperate manner, and astonished even the men of Kildare—second to none for their hard-riding propensities—at the violent and uncompromising manner in which he went across a country. Riding straight across the fair county of Kildare, I may tell you, reader, who deems that there is no hunting worthy to be so called out of Leicestershire, is about as difficult a performance as any, and can only be attained at the cost of many a nasty fall and awkward contretemps. Having a real crowner over a stiff bit of timber on to a hard grass field, is no doubt unpleasant; but it is as nothing to falling backwards off a six-foot bank, with a tired horse on the top of you, and a ditch some three feet deep below to receive you and your steed, and hold you fast till assistance arrives to pull you out, and, if you are not drowned, suffocated, or crushed, to set you on your legs again.

Miss Helen Monteith, who had flirted as desperately as she could with Carruthers until the parental arrangement was made, did not at all like the position of affairs, and said to her brother, a young insouciant guardsman, whom nothing in heaven or on earth could astonish or alarm, or rouse out of his half-insulting indifference:

"Lolly, it's perfectly beastly; there's poor Lord Carruthers sent off to make love to that old China merchant's daughter; and there's Lord George out hunting all day, and not a soul left for me to talk to."

"Talk to me," said Lolly, languidly.

"I don't think that would amuse me; and as you don't even take the trouble to answer my questions, I should have to do all the talking by myself."

"Why, isn't that what you like?"

"Perhaps; but I don't like to be obliged to do it."

"Oh, I say, Nell, like a good girl, just run up to my room: you'll find my cigar case on my dressing-table; bring it down."

"Go up yourself," said Miss Helen, rather snappishly.

"Hang it all," began Lolly, "when a fellow's got a bad knee——"

"That'll do, I'll go; I know I must when you begin about your fabulous knee."

Lolly Monteith had hurt that portion of his body once upon a time in a hunting fall; and though it had been perfectly well for ages, he found it of great use in saving him doing anything for himself; moreover he had five sisters, and of what use are sisters, unless they wait upon their brother?

Now, it so happened that a few days after the time mystery opens, two tête-à-têtes occurred, which, had she known them, would have much disturbed the serenity of the white-handed marchioness, as she sat in her scented boudoir, and worked at her eternal stitches. Number one of these tête-à-tête interviews was between Lord Carruthers and Miss Monteith. She had put on her things, and the most betwitching little hat, to take a hasty constitutional about the shrubbery; and just as she emerged from the front-door, she met the master of the house coming in. Of course, he turned round and accompanied her. She at once began her upbraidings.

"I have scarcely seen you at all for the last week, Lord Carruthers; but I suppose you find the society at Castle Bernard much pleasanter than that here. Miss Bernard is certainly a charming girl."

Lord Carruthers winced, and said, hesitatingly:

"Yes, she's charming; but——"

"Oh, no, there are no buts," interrupted his companion. "You mustn't qualify; she is utterly charming and accomplished, and so pretty. You admire dark people, don't you, Lord Carruthers?"

This was an artful question, for the speaker was the fairest of the blondes.

"No," said Carruthers, rather perplexed as to how to answer. "You know I have often told you that I admire fair people; but oh, Miss Monteith, let me tell you what I have in my heart. Even if you cannot forgive, you can pity me."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Of course I will pity you, if you require pity," she said, gently.

"Miss Monteith," he began, speaking as if each word came from him with an effort. "I hope you won't despise me utterly when I tell you all; but I fear you must, as indeed I despise myself."

He stopped for a moment and seemed unable to

speaking, while Helen looked at him with something in her eyes very like love. At last he went on:

"I proposed to Miss Bernard this morning—"

"And she accepted you?"

The girl's color had left her face, and she put one hand on a rustic bench that was near to steady herself; but she asked the question in a clear and rather hard voice:

"Yes."

"Allow me to offer you my congratulations, then, Lord Carruthers."

There was something unnatural in the hard composure of the girl's voice.

"Don't, Helen—Miss Monteith—for I cannot bear it," he exclaimed, turning away, as if to hide his face from her.

The little gloved hand grasped the arm of the old wooden bench convulsively for a moment, and then the hard, cold voice, that seemed scarcely to be the voice of Helen Monteith, said:

"I think we had better go back to the house, Lord Carruthers. It is getting late, and your mother expects me to tea."

They walked back to the house side by side, but no word passed between them; both their hearts were full, and Helen's composure could only be kept up by silence. When they reached the hall-door, by an almost involuntary action she held out her hand, still silently; it was the tacit farewell to their scarcely expressed and now shattered love. He pressed his lips to it passionately, and with something very like a sob turned from her, while she hurried to her room, and there covered the hand that he had kissed with her own kisses, while her tears rained down like a Summer shower. She knew he loved her; but she also knew that she had lost him. Young ladies of the present day are not given to breaking their hearts; but I think the announcement of Lord Carruthers's engagement from his own lips gave Helen Monteith a keener pang than she had ever experienced before.

Perhaps, indeed, to dry her tears, came the thought that there was hope still; while his heart was hers she need not despair, and that his heart did belong to her she doubted not. I hope the fact of his being a marquis did not enter at all into her pretty little head; but you would scarcely believe me if I said so; therefore I shall not try your credulity too far.

The other *été-à-tête* that the marchioness would have disliked came about in this wise: The scent had been very bad, and the part of the country they were in so devoid of foxes, that George decided upon bringing his hounds home at about three o'clock—a very unusual thing in that keen hunting county, where the frequent practice was to whip the hounds off when it became too dark to distinguish a fence till you were on to or into it. Disliking the jogging pace which it is thought necessary to go for the benefit of the hounds, he had trotted on in front with Lolly Monteith; and, passing by the imposing park-gates of Castle Bernard, whom should he see approaching him on the road but Isabel Bernard, returning from some little mission of charity among the poor of the village. If there is one time at which a pretty English (or Irish) girl looks better than at another, it is when she is well equipped in boots with a pretty pretense of strength, short and brilliant petticoat, and coquetish hat, for the purpose of taking a quiet walk in the country.

They pulled up of course to exchange greetings, and Lolly, who, as he said, "could never abide a fellow who spoiled sport," trotted on alone. The traces of tears were in Isabel's soft, black eyes as she turned them smilingly up to George, and her voice trembled a little as she answered his first ordinary questions.

"Walking alone!" he said; "I can't allow that, Miss Bernard. Do let me escort you at least up to the last park-gates?"

He had dismounted ere she could assent, and walked by her side leading his horse, who must have disapproved of having his head turned round when so near to his stable and evening meal. They had walked some way, and the chimneys of Castle Bernard were looming dreadfully close over the trees that surrounded the house, ere George had extracted from her her secret, that his brother had that morning ridden over and proposed for her—first to her mother, and then to herself.

"Oh, Miss Bernard! Isabel, darling, how could you?" he stopped suddenly, and tried to seize her hand.

He knew that his loyalty to his brother, whom he loved with all his heart, should have checked such a question; but for the moment his feelings had the mastery over him, and he repeated, almost sternly:

"Isabel, how could you?"

"I could not help it, George—indeed I couldn't," she sobbed, calling him in her grief, and for the first time, by his Christian name; "they made me—they said it was my duty. My father ordered me to—indeed—indeed—I could not possibly help it!"

For a moment a torrent of reproach was in George Carruthers's heart; but the sight of the girl he loved, oh, so dearly, sobbing as if her heart would break, softened his anger. He knew how hard it must have been for a poor, friendless girl to resist the arguments and menaces of two such parents—so stern and determined in their worldly wisdom. He remembered also that he had no right whatever to reproach her, for he had not spoken when he might, he had let slip the opportunity, if there had ever been one; and the thought also came to him that as the wife of his brother she would perhaps some day be far happier than as his; for he knew that brother's kind heart, and felt that he would make a good husband to the girl he married. He took her hand very gently, and spoke:

"Do not cry, Miss Bernard—Isabel. It is perhaps better as it is. My brother is worthy of you, and of your love."

"My love," she repeated—"my love!"

"Yes; your love, Isabel; for you will come to love him. As for me—well, it was a silly dream—I must get over it as best I may; but the awakening is very bitter. Good-by; I must not come further on; your people will see me. Remember, Isabel, whatever may happen, that I do

not blame you or reproach you—I only blame and reproach myself."

And he left her standing sobbing among the trees, and rode home with Despair behind him on the saddle.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ALTA-JUSTICE MINING WAR IN NEVADA.

A COLLISION between the men operating the Justice and Alta mines, at Gold Hills, Nevada, has been imminent for several weeks. The title in the properties is in dispute, and the companies have pushed their drifts until a connection was made. Then, through reports of encroachments by each gang of men, a new difficulty arose. The men got into personal altercations, spies and guards were sent out by each company, and the men, becoming more and more embarrassed, appealed to the Gold Hill Miners' Union. Several conferences resulted from their appeal between the Union and Messrs. Curtis and Derby, superintendents of the rival mines. A compact was signed, and watchers chosen from each company to guard the mines and prevent a conflict between the operators.

Before the agreement was attained each party is said to have armed its men to enable them to resist an attack from their opponents, while, on the other hand, it is asserted that the Alta men only were armed. Rumor was busy and perhaps extravagantly fanciful in describing the means adopted by the superintendents to destroy each other's works and men.

It was stated upon good authority that a car-load of cans filled with some villainous compound which the men thought was to be used in smoking out the enemy as soon as a connection between the mines was made, had been received at the Justice Mine. This material, though it would not explode, would throw out a great volume of noxious gas. This compound, it was considered, was of a very deleterious character. It was liable to cause death, by asphyxiation, of those who could not escape it, and should men escape with their lives they were liable to be so injured as to eventually die.

On the other side, it was stated that Superintendent Curtis gave a description of his "monitor," as he called it. It was a kind of bullet-proof car placed on wheels, with portholes through which to shoot. This was to contain two men with plenty of guns and pistols, and was to be propelled by a man from behind. In this way Mr. Curtis expected to capture the entire drift, and if necessary the level. As its efficiency was not tested, it is difficult to give any opinion as to its probable workings.

Mr. Derby started for his mine late on the evening of January 16th. He said he had obtained word that they had commenced drifting towards him in the Justice. If this were the case some one would be killed the moment an opening into the Alta was made. He did not know that his information was correct, but he was going down to the mine to see about matters.

Superintendent Curtis informed the Committee of Superintendents that he would withdraw his fighters, provided the Alta folks would take their fighters away from that part of the mine, and allow him to advance crosscut No. 1, on the 1,150 level, into the disputed ground; otherwise he should extend his crosscut at all hazards, and those who interfered with him must take the consequences.

At noon on the following day the members of the Gold Hill Miners' Union adjourned a special meeting, made up a procession and marched down Main Street. In front was carried the American flag and the banner of the Union, bearing the words: "Gold Hill Miners' Union." "In God We Trust." Thomas Burke, President of the Gold Hill Union, led the procession, which numbered several hundred. A great many miners from Virginia joined in and helped to swell the ranks. On reaching the Alta works they demanded of the foreman of the mine, in the absence of Superintendent Derby, that the fighting men be removed from the mine. When the president guaranteed that none of the men should be harmed, and that he would take the fighting-men from the Justice mine also, the foreman assented, and a committee went down into the mine with the foreman, and the "shotgun miners" were hoisted out, each one carrying his shotgun in his hand. They were marched directly out in front of the entire crowd and taken into the office, where they gave up their guns. In this office were stored thirty or forty shotguns, besides a number of Henry rifles and a whole carload of six-shooters.

The Union then marched to the Justice mine, where Superintendent Curtis ordered all his armed men up. Guards from the Union were posted at each mine to see that one party did not encroach upon the rights of the other. Affairs remained in *status quo* at our latest advices.

THE ILL-FATED STEAMER "METROPOLIS."

THE steamship *Metropolis*, one of a fleet of three vessels engaged for special service between Philadelphia and Pera, Brazil, which left the former port on Tuesday, January 29th, with five hundred tons of railroad iron and over two hundred engineers, artisans and laborers, went ashore on Currituck Beach, three miles south of the lighthouse shore of North Carolina, early in the evening of the following Thursday.

On Wednesday night the vessel began leaking badly, in the rudder case. Finding he could not gain on the leaks by pumping, the captain concluded to lighten the steamer by throwing coal overboard, and he determined to bear away for Hampton Roads. At midnight the circulating pump gave out. At 3 A. M. a heavy sea boarded the vessel, carrying away the smoke-stack, boats, engine-room, and the doors of the forward saloon, letting in a large quantity of water. The ship became nearly unmanageable. As nothing could be done to save the ship, an attempt was made to reach the beach, as the only chance for saving life. The beach was reached at 6 o'clock. At that time the engine had stopped, the fires being out. All the headsails were set to drive the vessel further upon the beach. The surf was very violent. At 4 o'clock the word passed for all hands to prepare themselves with life-preservers. At 6:45 A. M. the ship struck the beach. A panic ensued, creating consternation on board of the wildest character. All order and discipline was at an end, and many

were drowned by the sea washing them overboard. At 11 A. M. a man on horseback made his appearance on the beach, waving his hat and promising assistance. At 12:30 the Life-saving Service made their appearance, but came poorly provided to save life. All the assistance they could render was to get the people out of the surf as they came ashore. Had they come to the scene of the wreck during the forenoon, nearly every one could have been saved. At 5 P. M. the vessel broke up, completely throwing all into the sea.

The names of one hundred and fifty-eight persons saved have been received, placing the number of the lost at about one hundred.

The steamship *Metropolis* was under the command of Captain Ankers, and was the second dispatched by Messrs. P. & T. Collins to Brazil. She sailed with two hundred and fifteen passengers, only twenty-five being saloon passengers. She carried a cargo of five hundred tons of rails and machinery, and two hundred tons of stores, all in charge of Mr. Paul J. White, late chief engineer of the Lehigh Navigation Company, and Mr. James T. Moore, engineer. Nearly all the passengers were laborers and foremen to work on the Madeira and Mamore Railroad, which the firm of the Collins Brothers have contracted to build. The rails and machinery carried were for the plant of the road, and the stores for the subsistence of the workmen on the vessel and those dispatched on the *Mercedita*, the first ship dispatched.

The steamer was condemned in the opinion of even inexperienced observers before she sailed. Predictions were made of a disaster to her in her attempt to make a voyage for a long distance, heavily laden with cargo and passengers.

The *Metropolis* was built during the war as a gunboat, it is supposed, in 1862, and was before she went out of commission used as a transport. At the close of the war she was lengthened forty feet, making her 210 feet long on the keel. At the same time she was altered to a passenger and freight boat; saloons and staterooms for sixty first-class passengers were constructed on her upper deck, and berths between decks for 165 steerage passengers. She was a propeller, schooner rigged, rated A2 and insured for \$42,000, but in what companies as yet remains unknown.

Currituck Beach is situated off the northeast coast of North Carolina, and the shore line has long been dreaded by mariners in consequence of its treacherous shoals. The island is thirty miles in length and two in width, and the greatest width of the Sound is ten miles. The scene of the wreck of the *Metropolis* is about twenty miles north of Kitty Hawk, near the scene of the *Huron* catastrophe.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Channel Tunnel.—The work on the Channel tunnel is being prosecuted with great activity on the English side at Sangatte. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 300 feet, and the experimental gallery has been commenced. It is to be continued for half a mile under the sea, and if no obstacle is met with the work will be pushed forward without any further delay. Much trouble is already experienced from the filtering through of large quantities of water, requiring two powerful pumps for its removal.

Lectures to Workmen in Paris.—Free lectures are given to workmen in twenty municipal districts of Paris by the Polytechnic Association of that city. A uniform programme is prepared in advance, and special text-books are published at a cheap rate to serve as guides. Everything is voluntary. No salaries are given to the teachers and no fees taken from the workmen. The celebrated chemist Dumas is president, and has given much time to this worthy object since the organization of the association in 1830.

A Building for Clinics in Berlin.—The erection of a large building for medical clinics in Berlin, Prussia, has been decided upon, and the work is to be begun in April. The estimated cost of this structure is put at two million marks (\$500,000), and the time for completing the work limited to four years. The rivalry between the medical schools of Berlin and Leipzig has led to extraordinary efforts in the former city, and large appropriations have been obtained for hospitals, clinics, physiological and pathological institutes in Berlin, some of which are already finished. The number of matriculated students in Berlin is 2,490, and in Leipzig 3,034, the excess at the latter university being largely due to the attractions held out to scientific students at Leipzig.

The Deepest Artesian Well in the World.—The deepest artesian well in the world is being bored at Pesh, and has reached already a depth of 2,853 feet. The well at Paris, which measures 1,641 feet, has hitherto been the first. The object of the undertaking is to obtain an unlimited supply of warm water for the municipal establishments and public baths. A temperature of 161° Fahr. has already been reached, and the work will be prosecuted until water of 178° is obtained. About 175,000 gallons of warm water stream out daily, rising to a height of thirty-five feet. Magnets are used for pulling up fragments of broken tubes, and the water arising from the well is employed as a motive power, driving the drills at a rate of speed double that previously imparted from the mouth of the well.

Injurious Effects of Examinations in our Schools.—In a recent address on education Professor Huxley expressed the views of most teachers in regard to the injurious effects of examinations upon students, and he might have included their bad reflex action upon the examiner. *Nature* says on this point: "Go into the company of scientific men and observe the most dogmatic, the most unfruitful, and the least modest among them, you will find that this man is, as we may say, an examiner by profession. Speak to him of research or other kindred topics, he will smile at you—his time is far too precious to be wasted in discussing such trivialities; like his examinés, he finds they do not pay." The great progress made by Germany is believed to be due to the absence of artificial cramming for examinations, and the fact that each student sees those around him spurred from within and not from without. Hints from such a man as Huxley ought not to be disregarded by our school boards and University professors.

Photographing Colors.—Herr Josef Albert, the eminent Munich photographer and inventor of the Albotype printing process, has made the highly important invention of photographing the natural colors of objects by means of a combination of the ordinary photographic process with a photographic printing press used in the Albotype. The finest shades of colors are said to be reproduced. The secret consists in the separation of white light into yellow, blue and red rays, and in the artificial application of the same colors in the printing press. Three negatives are taken corresponding to the three primary colors, and the final manipulation consists in printing the three images upon the same plate, when the colors intermingle and the natural colors and shades of the objects are obtained. The colors are believed to be permanent, though sufficient time has not elapsed since the invention was made to test this point. Niepce de St. Victor succeeded in daguerreotyping colors ten years ago, but they were fugitive and the process was of no avail.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is said that the late Samuel Bowles was a descendant of Miles Standish—through the Wethersfield branch of his ancestry.

MR. P. T. BARNUM is said to calculate that he has sold since he began his business of amusement no less than \$83,000,000 worth of tickets.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's business affairs are to be overhauled by the Mormon Church, many members believing that he appropriated church money to his own account.

THE copyright of the musical works of Mendelssohn expired on the 1st of January, the author's or composer's privilege in Germany being limited to thirty years after death.

MRS. MARCY, wife of General R. B. Marcy, Inspector-General of the United States Army, and sister of Mrs. General McClellan, died in Baltimore, January 29th, after a brief illness.

JOHN ZUNDEL, H. W. Beecher's aged organist, is going back to Germany. He is ill and feeble, and Mr. Beecher has asked that a yearly stipend of \$200 be given him while he lives.

THE late Robert P. Parrott, of Cold Springs, N. Y., the inventor of the Parrott gun, who, at his own expense, built the Episcopal house of worship in that place, has bequeathed \$100,000 to the same church.

QUEEN VICTORIA's New Year's gifts to the poor of Windsor, some eight hundred in all, were joints of meats and sacks of coal. In all, three thousand two hundred pounds of beef and sixty-five tons of coal were distributed.

THE elegant and costly swords which were once presented to General Twiggs for gallant service in the Mexican War, and which were captured by General Butler at New Orleans, are still preserved in the Treasury at Washington.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS now occupies the Hooper House, in Washington, for the reported purpose of being near the State Department, from the archives of which he is collecting material for his book on Albert Gallatin.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAMSON, appointed Collector of New Orleans, is a wealthy lawyer, who served on General Polk's staff during the civil war, and in 1873 was appointed Minister to South America. He is a moderate Republican.

QUEEN VICTORIA is having experimental telephonic communication laid between Osborne House and the dockyards at Southampton and Portsmouth. She has desired Professor Bell to go down to Osborne to explain the details of his invention.

DR. SCUDDER says that the Oriental nations will never become converted to Christianity until their women first become Christians, and he says that the women can be converted only by the personal agency of women who go there from Christian countries.

CAPTAIN H. W. CHISHOLM, the United States Vice Consul at St. John, N. B., has been presented with an elegant gold watch and chain, appropriately inscribed, in recognition of his gallantry in saving life and property during the great fire in that city on the 20th of last June.

ROBERT WARDLAW and Miss Martha Draper, of Newport Landing, California, being under age, were unable to get a license, and, on a recent Sunday, Robert hired a boat and a minister, and, putting out to sea, was soon beyond the three-mile limit over which the United States has jurisdiction, and there the knot was tied.

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES has sent an attorney to Baltimore to claim the value, with interest, of a parcel of land sold by that city some time ago, which she claims as a part of the property to which her title has lately been confirmed by a legal decision. The full amount of her claim is \$100,000, but she is willing to compromise for one-half that sum.

PRINCE BISMARCK is not particularly fond of music; but a little English song to "Spring" has a special charm for him. When the song first came out, a pretty little English girl sang it to him, which so pleased him, that he used to specially ask to have it sung. Whenever he meets the singer, he invariably breaks out, with a smile on his face, with: "Spring! Spring!"

DESPITE appearances, a very serious difference exists between Don Carlos and his wife. The Pretender, during his late visit to that magic quarter, the East, was unable to resist the blue eyes and seductive glances of certain fair Circassians. The sweet temper of Donna Margarita has been considerably soured by several escapades in the most Catholic and other European countries, but this "infidel liaison" is more than enough to ingulf the whole of the milk of kindness of forgiving woman.

CARL SCHMIDT, who has been a resident of St. Louis County for the past forty-three years, claims that he was born in 1763. According to his story, he came to this country when he was ten years of age, and was apprenticed to a silversmith in Boston by the name of Rodney. He says that he was one of the boys who made the memorable call upon General Gage to demand their inalienable right to coast upon the Common. He fought in the Revolution under General Wayne, and shows his discharge papers in proof of his assertion.

REV. CANON BRADON, of Southampton, England, has, among other congratulations, received those of the Queen, through Sir J. Cowell, and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, on his attaining his one hundredth year. Canon Bradon is the last surviving "freeman" of Hampshire, and has been for more than sixty-two years one of the managers of the Southampton Savings Bank, the original committee of which included the Earl of Malmesbury, Lord Palmerston, the late Dean of Westminster, and John Willis Fleming, then member of Parliament for South Haunts.

THE marriage of the King of Spain to a German princess has been a project which Prince Bismarck has had much at heart during the last year. The union of Alfonso with the Duc de Montpensier's daughter had something to do with the support which the German Chancellor lately gave the French Republicans, and, perhaps, his hand might be discovered in Queen Isabella's recent outbreaks. The Duc de Montpensier manifested the huckstering tactics of his family in the negotiations concerning his daughter's dowry; but the king was so much in love that all barriers were surpassed.

THE most successful and brilliant military entertainment of the season was the given by the officers stationed on Governor's Island, on the evening of January 30th. Nearly all the army officers on duty in the harbor of New York or visiting the city were present, besides those serving on General Hancock's staff, and also the officers of the naval vessels now in the port and the marine officers from the Brooklyn Barnacks. Steamboats plied through the night between the Battery and Governor's Island to convey the guests. As for every officer present there were on an average two ladies, the assemblage was quite large. The arrangements for enjoyment were made on a scale of generous liberality which reflected great credit on the hospitable impulses of Major Bush and the officers under his command.



FISHERMEN ON THEIR WAY TO ERECT THE WINTER VILLAGE ON THE FISHING-GROUNDS.

FISHTOWN.

A WINTER SETTLEMENT ON THE ICE IN SAGINAW BAY, ON LAKE HURON.

ON the borders of Lake Huron, where its waters dash up against the thickly wooded shores of the State of Michigan, is an inlet known as Saginaw Bay. Visit this inlet any time before the long Winter sets in, and you will see the bay dotted over with innumerable small fishing-boats, whose white sails resemble so many graceful sea-gulls skimming over the water; in these boats are the fishermen dragging their nets for Mackinaw trout.

Hundreds support themselves in this way through the season when the lake and bay are free from ice; but a time soon comes when, for twenty miles out from the shore, an ice bridge forms thick enough to sustain a whole village, and the mercury seldom rising above zero from the last of November until the first of March, the fishermen and their families would be quite destitute as soon as the bleak Winter commences, had not a mode been established whereby they could fish all the Winter through. As there was no work to be accomplished, there was, of course, much suffering, and an opportunity offered to prove the proverb that "necessity is the mother of invention." Many ways were devised, and much cogitating racked the brains of the poor, until they at last concluded to try the experiment of each man's building himself a house and moving on to the lake, directly the ice formed. It



A NIGHT-SCENE IN A FISHING-SHANTY.

was no sooner thought of than put to the test, and several hundred families moved out from shore, and by cutting a larger square hole through the solid floor into the dark waters, they were enabled to drop their nets and secure the fish.

It seems almost incredible that it is possible for so large a number of people to live at once upon the ice; but it is a favorite haunt of Jack Frost, and he comes puffing and blowing from his home in the Spitzbergen regions with a blast that not only bites fingers and noses and tingles ears with a cruel nip, but keeps a solid foundation for the ice city for many months.

If you never have been upon the shores of Michigan in mid-Winter, you never have felt truly cold weather. The renown of this curious city reached us long before we were willing to accept the truth of the report, and it was not until we had visited it and beheld the markets and green groceries, the odd little log-dwellings containing only one room, with a stove perched upon a shelf to prevent the ice from melting, and had peeped through the large square hole in the floor where the men were dragging in the fish, could we believe such a city really existed—scarcely even then could we feel certain that it was not a myth, or a fairy village, that would soon slip away and leave, where were now roads and houses, taverns and markets, but angry, treacherous waters that would bear not a trace of the hundreds of busy workmen so recently living above them.

The houses are built on wheels, much after the fashion of a photographer's portable house; have a



CARRYING FISH TO THE STOREHOUSE.

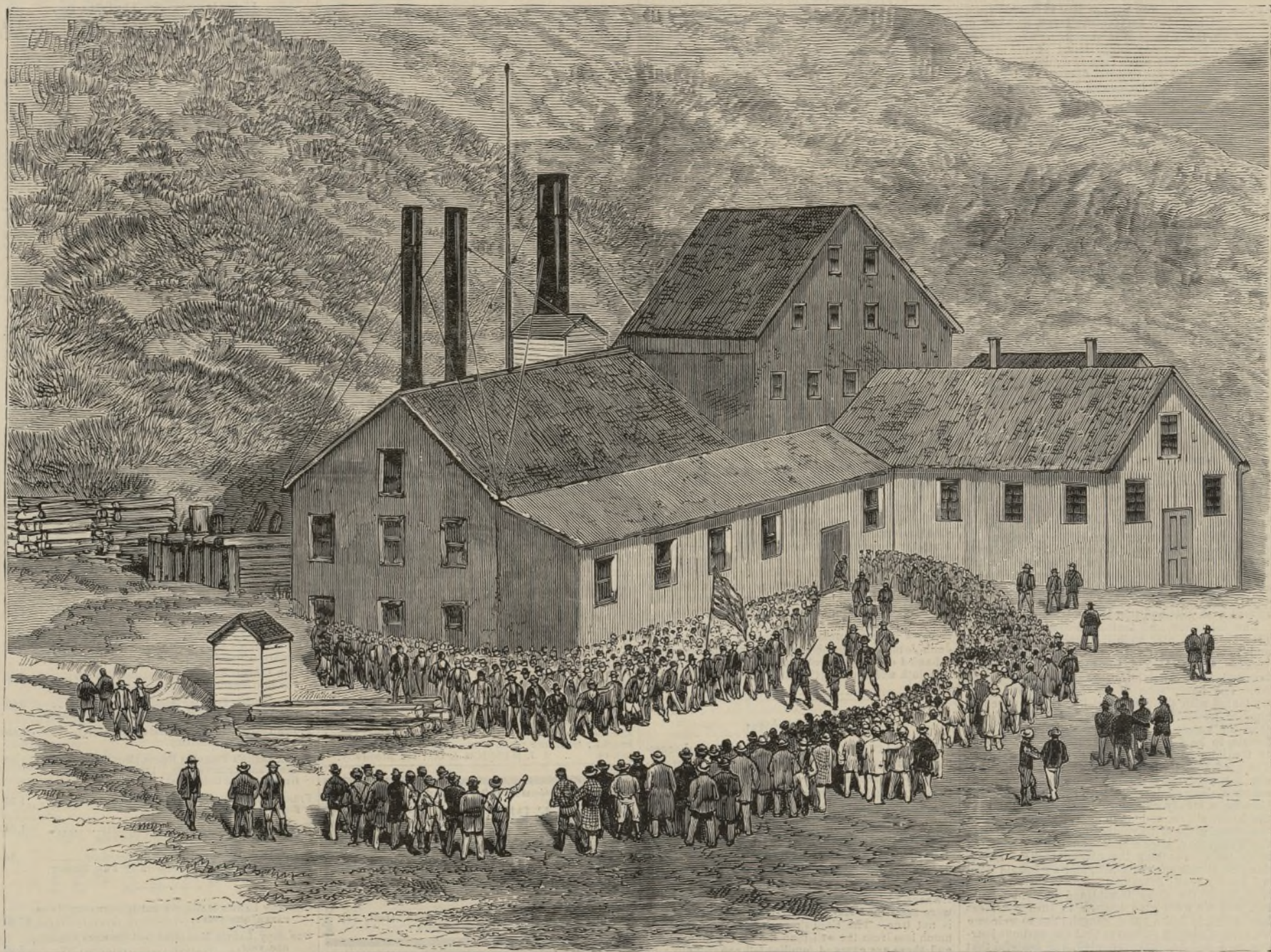


WEIGHING FISH TO SEND TO MARKET.



THE VILLAGE OF FISHTOWN DURING THE BUSINESS SEASON.

MICHIGAN.—THE VILLAGE OF FISHTOWN, CONSTRUCTED EACH WINTER ON THE FROZEN WATERS OF SAGINAW BAY, LAKE HURON.



NEVADA.—THE CONTEST BETWEEN THE JUSTICE AND ALTA MINING COMPANIES—THE GOLD HILL MINERS' UNION EXPELLING THE FIGHTERS FROM THE ALTA MINE, ON JANUARY 17TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN M. BELL, GOLD HILL.—SEE PAGE 411.



NORTH CAROLINA.—THE STEAMSHIP "METROPOLIS," WRECKED IN A GALE OFF CURRITUCK BEACH, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 31ST, WITH THE LOSS OF ONE HUNDRED RAILROAD OPERATIVES, ON THEIR WAY TO BRAZIL.—SEE PAGE 411.

door and a chimney, are furnished with very little comfort, and generally contain from four to five people in each. The village lies ten miles from shore and includes, besides the large number of dwellings, many markets and stores. We did not expect to see so many happy-faced people in such a dreary, desolate place; possibly it might have been because of the unusual excitement that prevailed at the good fortune of bringing in a ten-pound trout, or it might be owing to the clear Western climate, that we beheld so many sturdy people; but, I take it, it would be quite impossible to find a city lad who could outstrip a Michigan boy in a long run—here he thinks no more of skating twelve miles to shore and back than of walking two city blocks on a frosty morning. The clear atmosphere is invigorating and healthful, such a disease as pulmonary complaint never having been known. Once, two fishermen more venturesome than the rest, remained a night too long in the fast-ebbing village, and in the morning not a trace of ice could be seen beyond the small cake upon which they floated; fortune, however, served them a good turn, for, after floating in the lake for two days and nights, a cold east-wind prevailed which was sufficient to form a new bridge, and upon this they skated ashore. The lives of the inhabitants are thus fraught with danger, as a sudden change in the temperature may leave them at any time without their city; therefore, it seems to present a constant fluctuation, and the owners of the cabins, not being burdened with much furniture, are ever ready to close their doors and at a moment's notice drag their families to *terra firma*. But this does not often happen, as Jack Frost's visits are generally so prolonged as to leave no doubt regarding the safety of the city. It seemed to us, who were unaccustomed to so cheerless an existence, that the living in such a bleak, dreary town must of necessity be very demoralizing; but we found the men and boys enjoying themselves with cards, spinning yarns and singing in a very sailorly manner, and apparently enjoying life quite as much as "lubberly landmen." Christmas is celebrated, too, in these humble dwellings, and we found scarcely a house undecorated with a bit of pine and holly, the inmates rejoicing over the day Christ was born with as much real enjoyment as though they could celebrate the advent with gifts befitting the wealthiest.

The fishermen find their employment almost as profitable in Winter as in the Spring and Summer, and haul twice a day. The nets are sunk with weights and stretched to their uttermost, being fastened to sticks laid across the opening in the ice. The hardy sons of the ice seem far more contented with their mode of living than we could imagine possible, and are a far better class of men than the gangs who hew timber in the Michigan forests, to be floated down the rivers in the Spring to the lumber-mills that line the Saginaw River. The road that leads to Fish-town carries the traveler through many tracts of unbroken snow and across plains and desolate country. The wind was blowing a steady gale during our day-journey in the family sleigh, and made us well wish to shorten the fifteen miles of travel, before we stepped upon the frozen bay, after which we must still ride ten miles before reaching the phantom city. But in due time it was accomplished, and we beheld what we have already described. The vicinity of Fish-town, upon the shore, is wild and uninviting-looking, and we were glad enough to turn our faces homeward, to find a warm, cheerful fire to welcome us, congratulating ourselves that the perilous journey need not be again repeated, and grateful that our lines lay in pleasanter places than those of the fishermen whom we had just visited, ten miles out upon the ice.

Osman Pasha's Wife.

NESTLING in a hollow, between two hills, opening on the Bosphorus, is the village of Bebek. It is the centre of American missionary life, and the residence of many Turkish families of the higher class. "Robert College," which first began its existence in Bebek, lives and flourishes now in an expanded form on the heights above. A student of this college, wandering a few weeks ago in the village below, was accosted by a Turkish gentleman, who inquired whether he could read French. Replying in the affirmative, he was invited to follow his interlocutor into a house of modest exterior, whose principal reception-room showed at a glance that the fortune of its owner did not far exceed mediocrity. Low divans placed round three sides of the room, a mat on the floor, and a brazen "mangal" in the centre of the room formed the sum total of the luxuries it contained. Osman Pasha's family were the occupants of the house. A telegram had reached his wife from the captive hero, but it was written in a foreign language, which neither she nor any of her friends could read, and her anxiety was intense. The unemancipated Turkish woman is, above all others of her sex, the most helpless to help herself, and Madame Osman is no exception to the rule. How long the poor lady might have wept and lamented over the mysterious message it is difficult to say, were it not for the chance meeting of her brother with the student from Robert College, in the streets of Bebek. Turkish conventionality precluded the wife from receiving the stranger herself, and hearing with her own ears the tidings from her absent husband, but the contents of the telegram were translated to her brother. They have since been made public, so it is needless to repeat them; but they lifted the load of care and anxiety, which had been weighing heavily on her heart for many weeks.

Rare Old Wines.

A LONDON journalist writes: "I grieve to see that the Parisian restaurateurs are at their old tricks, and that English journalists lend themselves to the snare. Every one, of course, read that paragraph which went the rounds of the papers about the Comet Claret—two bottles of which were purchased by some wealthy owner of a restaurant for £25. In the first place, who is to drink Comet Claret—that is, claret sixty-six years old. If it exists, which is very doubtful except in rarest and most inaccessible cellars, it is scarcely worth the drinking. The '48 wine, if it is to be had, is better. Still, when your landlord asks you twelve guineas a bottle for your wine, it is to be supposed that there are customers; and English journalists have drawn the conclusion—how wealthy is Paris, notwithstanding the way in which the French have been fleeced! The fact is, that no Frenchman will touch the wine; he knows better. It will be imbibed by some English youth who has to purchase experience with a penny of observation and pounds of current coin. But not even he will have to pay twelve guineas a bottle. The Comet Claret has a wonderful power of multiplying. Several dozen

bottles of other years will be placed in the bin with it, and the precious wine will be sold for three guineas a bottle at a dead loss. There are compensations in this world of ours. The restaurateur who loses on this Comet Claret has a great reward. How wine can multiply we see in London every day. I believe that in the cellars of London just now there is more of 1820 and of 1834 port than there was when the wine first came. I have drunk both of these wines in good houses, where the hosts professed to be judges of a good bottle, and would have evaporated in despair if they could have dreamed how much later was the vintage of their lauded wines."

Country Houses in Ireland.

NO ONE can go into society as represented in the country houses, of Ireland (says a London paper), without being struck by the singular absence of veneer which he will find there. We do not mean those country houses inhabited by people who spend their season regularly in London, and who differ in no way from the magnates with their houses in Yorkshire or Sussex, but the *bona fide* Irish country houses, whose owners look upon Dublin as their metropolis and great shopping town, and consider an occasional month in London as an event to be classed with the ramble in Switzerland or the tour in Italy. The visitor to one of these houses will find no sham—there is no "deception." His arrival will cause no flurry; he will not be kept waiting in the drawing-room while the lady of the house and the girls put finishing touches to their beauty. It is ten to one that before he has succeeded in evoking a sound from the bell—probably broken—one of the young ladies will herself open the door, and, with welcome beaming from her honest Irish gray eyes, at once insist on his feeling himself at home. There will be no false pride, no attempt to hide defects, or to make up by brag for poverty. Rather will fun be extracted from the very deficiencies, and the stranger will at once see that there is no danger of putting his hosts to confusion by demanding what is not to be had. If there is but one man-servant, the host will not complain of the illness or temporary absence of a mythical footman; if the one man-servant is tipsy (a not uncommon occurrence in the land of John Jamieson), the hostess will not be the least ashamed of being detected assisting the maid to lay the cloth and arrange the dinner-table.

Short-Sightedness.

DOCTOR LORING, of New York, has been discussing before an English medical society the increase of short-sightedness. He finds that in Königsberg, Prussia, considerably more than half the population are short-sighted; that in St. Petersburg forty-three per cent. of adults are so, and that in New York among children between seven and twenty-one the proportion of near-sights is thirty-three per cent. As near-sightedness is hereditary, or rather heritable, he thought the prospect gloomy. He seemed to think the main causes of near-sights were poor food and sedentary life, but surely that is not true. The English agricultural poor suffer much less from the evil than the professional class, and there are cases of families fed exactly alike in which some children are short-sighted and others are not. Nor in these families does the tendency depend upon the proportion of reading or other form of study. The disease has never, we believe, been thoroughly studied, more especially with relation to the causes which limit the change in the convexity of the eye to youth. Patients rarely grow short-sighted before ten or after sixteen. The remarkable popular delusion, too, that short-sight tends in old age to grow better, should be examined. It is true, we are told by experts, in about half the cases.

FUN.

ADVICE to old ladies who take tea—Take t'easy. THE denizens of the oil regions live on the fat of the land. THE hen is a solvent fowl, she generally has something ova. SHOULD you coocheal, what would you do with it? Let it dye, of course. A SONG heard by a hive: "Bee it ever so humble, there's no place like comb." YOUNG ladies like naval officers because they belong to the marry-time service. IF your dinner-bell has lost its clapper, you can still have your napkin-ring. A WHITEHALL young man says he does his courting strictly by parlor-military rules. THE days of knight-hood have passed away, yet about every tramp you meet is incased in a coat of arms. WEARY person on evening visit: "Aw, 'm just out of a sick bed." Terrible Boy: "Say, Mr. Johnson, what ails yer bed?" THE elephant is a deadly foe to the giraffe. We should like to see a foe-to-giraffe of an encounter between them. A BENEVOLENT old lady, who heard of the famine in India, sent three gentlemen's smoking caps to the Relief Committee. SLIPPERS should be felt, not heard—in the sick room. But naughty little boys prefer that they should be heard, rather than felt—in the nursery.

Now does suffering humanity eagerly scan the report of patents granted for the week ending, to see if somebody hasn't invented a nose that will stay blown. THE Egyptian mummies who settled themselves in their little beds three thousand years ago, with packages of wheat in their hands, must have had wonderful faith in "this wheat by-and-by." THAT terrible infant again: "How long are you going to stay here?" "Why, my little dear?" "Cause I'm hungry, and mamma says we shall have dinner as soon as that dreadful nuisance goes away." A WELL-KNOWN Crab Orchard man, who is pretty fond of his bitters, was seen in Stamford last week with a blue ribbon pinned on his coat. A friend inquired: "Have you joined the Murphy's, Judge?" "Not exactly," he replied; "I only wear this in the hope that some one will ask me to take a drink under the impression that I'll refuse." THE other evening a sprightly little girl about seven years old entered a store on Woodward Avenue, and after considerable hesitation she whisperingly inquired of a clerk: "Do you keep nursing bottles here?" "We do," he answered, and exhibiting two or three different styles, he asked which she preferred. As she was looking them over he remarked: "It's for your little brother, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, it is," she stily answered. "You didn't think it was for my son, did you?"

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

SHOULD an eruption occur in this volcano, and cause the destruction of one-half of the inhabitants who live in the vicinity, the remainder, who barely escape with their lives, immediately move back upon the half-cooled lava, and there live in constant fear of another eruption, foolishly fancying that the only tenable portion of the earth rests within the shadow of the great volcano. This fairly illustrates the force of habit, and the persistency with which people cling to opinions when once formed. For example, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures incipient consumption, coughs, colds, and all affections of the liver and blood, yet some still depend upon physicians and remedies that have naught but repeated failures to which they can refer. And, although Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold under a positive guarantee to cure those weaknesses peculiar to women, and notwithstanding that thousands of women bear testimony to its efficacy and the truth of all statements made concerning it, many yet submit to the use of caustic and the knife. Again, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, no larger than mustard-seeds, will positively cure constipation, where it is dependent upon dyspepsia or torpid liver; yet some still depend for relief upon the "blue pill," or huge doses of drastic cathartic medicine. In the face of such facts, can we wonder at the blindness of the poor Italians?

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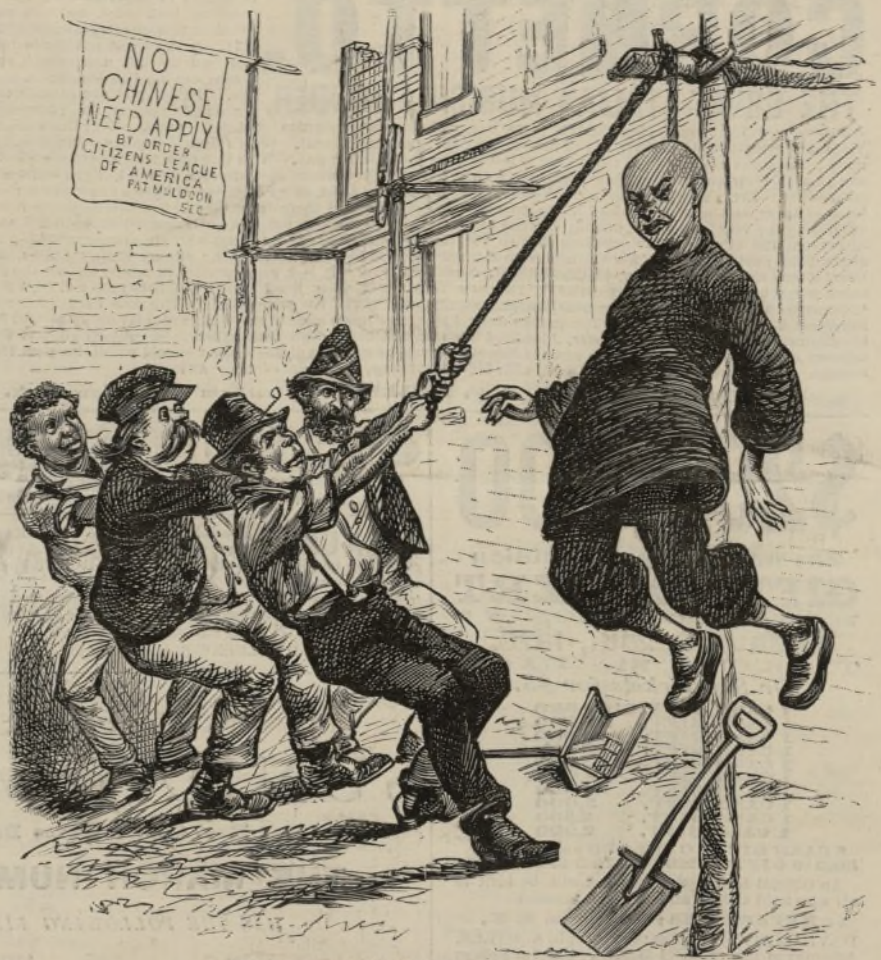
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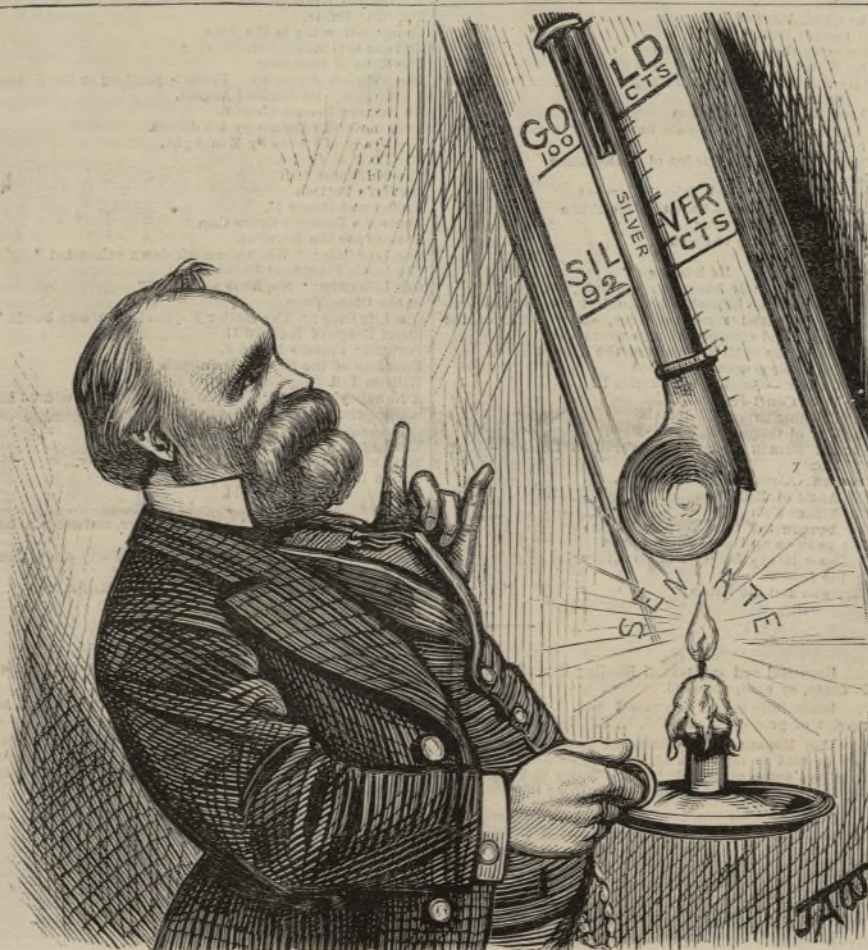
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